

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

CHRISTMAS ISSUE

Christmas 1994

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GOOD NEWS 1994

Martyn Lewis

A HOST OF ANGELS

The sublime to the ridiculous

CHORE-LESS CHRISTMAS

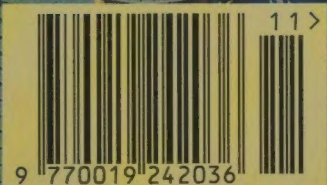
Let others take the strain

RUTH RENDELL

An intriguing new short story

GRAND BIZARRE

Spiced-up Christmas cooking



◆ AFTER DARK ◆ TIA MARIA ◆

NEAT,

MIXED

OR

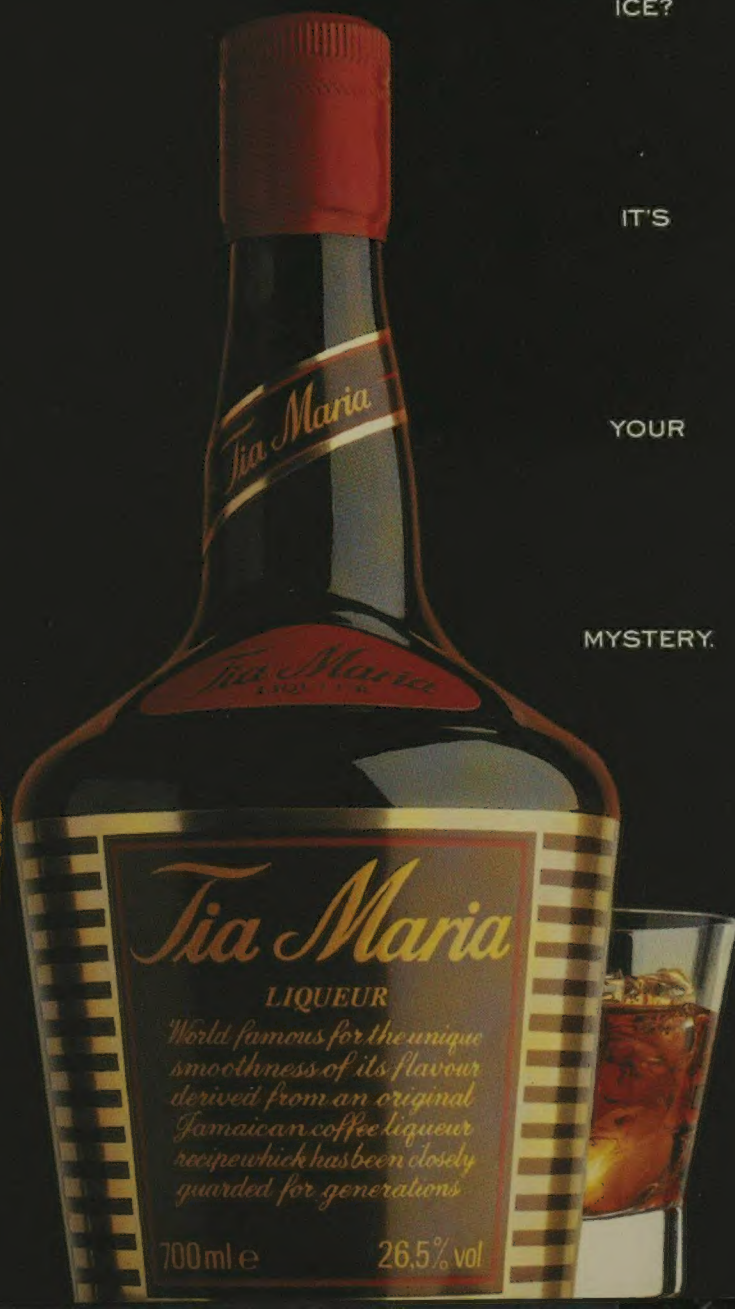
OVER

ICE?

IT'S

YOUR

MYSTERY.



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TRUE PLEASURE IS RARE

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Christmas, 1994

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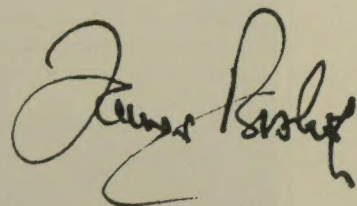
EDITOR'S LETTER

Christmas is a busy time for angels, not least for Gabriel, angel of the Annunciation, God's ambassador and carrier of good news to men. St Augustine believed that every visible thing in this world was put in the charge of an angel; if that is true there must be angels all around us, and a great many of them. In the 14th century it was calculated that there were more than 301 million, but Robert Burton, in his *Anatomy of Melancholy* (published in 1621) declared that every man had "a good and bad angel attending on him in particular all his life long". If he was right then the angel population now, at two for every living human, must be well over 10,000 million. That angels can be good and bad, ministering and protecting as well as avenging and tempting, had been assumed long before angelology began to burgeon in the 12th century, and is clearly evident from the feature in this issue (In Search of Angels, pages 16-23) which is drawn from *A Dictionary of Angels*, the compilation of an American poet, Gustav Davidson, who identifies an angel of lust as well as love, of forgetfulness as well as memory, of war as well as peace.

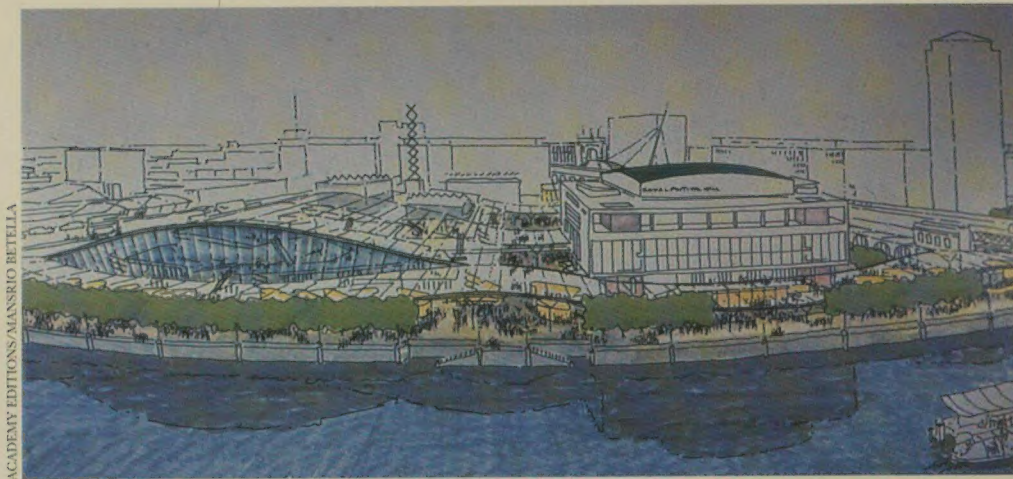
In reviewing the events of 1994 it is hard not to conclude that the bad or fallen angels have generally been in command. War raged on in Bosnia; many Hutu people were savagely massacred by Tutsis in Rwanda and thousands more subsequently died from disease after fleeing the country; an Israeli extremist shot dead more than 40 Palestinians in a mosque in Hebron; civil war continued in Yemen; more than 900 people died when a roll-on roll-off car ferry sank in the Baltic; Iraq's President Saddam Hussein moved his troops towards the border with Kuwait. But there was also some good news. Saddam moved his troops back. More significantly, South Africa held its first elections under universal suffrage. The Anglo-Irish agreement prompted a cease-fire from the IRA and subsequently from the Protestant paramilitaries as well. The Channel Tunnel opened. These are among 1994's good tidings chosen for our photographic feature by Martyn Lewis, who has long campaigned in favour of giving more prominence to good news (pages 10-14).

There is no specific angel of good news recorded in Gustav Davidson's dictionary—though it probably falls within Gabriel's job description—nor, indeed, are there angels of politics or the media. This may seem appropriate since both activities are currently held low in public esteem and neither can be said to have had a good year. Politicians have been inward-looking and preoccupied with what is being called the sleaze factor, and though this is a gibe directed mainly by the Opposition at the present Government it is surely unwise for any party to suggest that its opponents have a monopoly of this depressing element.

The media this year have found it equally hard to discard their seedy image, particularly in some of their reporting about members of the royal family. The result will almost certainly be a clash between the two when politicians, believing (perhaps wrongly) that they are responding to public opinion, try to impose new restrictions on the media. It will not be edifying. A well-informed electorate, which is secured by a free press, is as essential a part of the British system of democracy as an elected Parliament, but the public may certainly demand that both media and politicians behave responsibly. Like Disraeli, both should want to be on the side of the angels.



NELSON'S COLUMN SOUTH BANK IN CRYSTAL



ACADEMY EDITIONS/MANSRIO BETELLA

The "people's palace" masterplan for London's South Bank Centre. An undulating glass canopy draws the disparate elements together.

It was no mere courtesy that Joseph Paxton's "blotting-paper sketch" which won him the commission to build the original Crystal Palace should have been displayed alongside Sir Richard Rogers's own drawing for the new South Bank Centre in the Royal Festival Hall exhibition of the competing designs. The Victorian architect's crude scribble was Rogers's inspiration for Europe's largest arts centre.

Stimulated by Paxton's ingenious means of pulling the disparate sections of the 1851 exhibition together in a vast glass pavilion (the design of which defied all standard engineering and architectural thought at the time), the £65.8 million Rogers scheme envelopes the Queen Elizabeth Hall, the Purcell Room, the Hayward Gallery and the space in between in what he calls his South Bank Crystal Palace. Although the Festival Hall stands majestically clear, the river walk, sketched into preliminary drawings as "The Pearly Way", is included under an undulating, transparent canopy and lighted to suggest a British seaside esplanade.

"What we are aiming to do," says Rogers, the creator of the Pompidou Centre in Paris, the Lloyd's building in the City of London and the new Westminster headquarters for Channel 4, "is to create a 'people's palace', break down the walls of the institution both inside and out. We want to emphasise the importance of the river—no better view exists anywhere than that from Waterloo bridge. The space between the buildings is very unpleasant, and appears to be intended for service trucks, when actually it is meant to be for people."

The idea of a "people's palace" was first envisaged for the SBC (as the South Bank Centre is now to be known) by its chief executive, Nicholas Snowman, who told the competing

architectural practices to take into account not just the core site of the four buildings but the wider centre, including the National Film Theatre and the Royal National Theatre. So the Rogers scheme includes, within his crystal palace, an electronic central box office to serve all the institutions.

"People are attracted to the South Bank by a specific event and they come in spite of our confused and unfriendly environment. The opportunity now is to ensure that they come here because of that environment," says Snowman.

The new plan is part of the centre's South Bank 2001 strategy to commemorate not only the millennium but the 50th anniversary of the Festival of Britain, the event for which the Festival Hall was constructed and which was itself a centenary celebration of the Great Exhibition.

The detailed brief had been to open out the Hayward, giving more gallery space by adding a new shell for services such as toilets and a restaurant; to improve stage access for the Queen Elizabeth Hall and access to the foyer it shares with the Purcell Room; to create a main entrance for the Festival

Hall in keeping with its grand building status; to turn the Purcell Room into a more versatile performance space; to create a new 475-seat auditorium for dance and small-scale music theatre; and to double the number of visitors to the centre as a whole.

A crucial factor in the equation is Waterloo station, where 15 million people a year are expected to alight on British soil after making the train journey through the Channel tunnel. At present three and a half million people visit the South Bank concert halls and Hayward Gallery annually (six million, if audiences for the National Theatre and National Film Theatre are taken into account). Sixty per cent of them approach the complex from the south, the station side, from where they have either to cross one of London's busiest thoroughfares, York Road, or take a rambling, "temporary", 25-year-old wooden footbridge. The Rogers plan envisages an elegant structure curving northwards to bring pedestrians directly from the station's memorial arch.

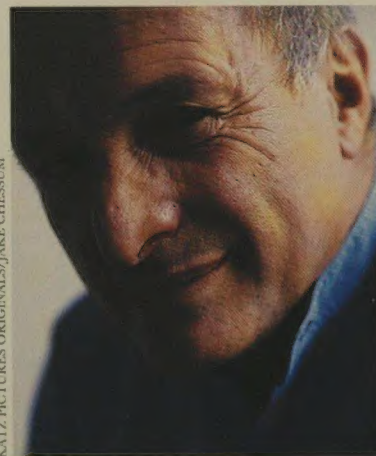
The Grade I-listed Festival Hall—the only surviving building from the Festival of Britain—is to have new plazas to its north and south and the present, defacing, first-floor-level walkway removed. The south side, currently almost invisible from Waterloo station, is to become a major feature, with a sweeping staircase rising to a grand entrance and foyer.

An open-air arena is included, and in the river Rogers puts small artificial islands on which he proposes to site restaurants, clubs, a swimming-pool, and "boatels" to provide accommodation for students. The depressing pedestrian bridge that runs alongside the Hungerford railway bridge would be replaced by a wide "passerelle" incorporating an airport-style moving pavement. The boldest innovation, the new auditorium, is designed to go underground beneath the riverside arena and to be visible through a glass bubble, inspired partly by I.M. Pei's crystal pyramid at the Louvre in Paris.

As well as the existing buildings, the new crystal palace design embraces a lecture theatre, a schools centre, an informal performance space, a foyer for the Museum of the Moving Image and the National Film Theatre, record, book and museum shops, a video library, bars, cafés and restaurants. There might also be a market-place, language schools, an architectural centre, a winter garden, an aquarium, a branch of the National Library and an electronic-age speakers' corner.

SIMON TAIT

Richard Rogers, the architect selected to develop his £65.8 million plan for Europe's largest arts centre.



KATZ PICTURES ORIGINALS/JAKE CHESNUM

A NEW LOOK AT WHISTLER

The reputation of James Abbott McNeill Whistler is in an ambiguous condition at the moment, and one wonders if the current exhibition at the Tate Gallery, until January 8, will do anything to restore it. Whistler's problem, put simply, is that his work is simultaneously too modern and not modern enough. It is "too modern" in the sense that it does not look like the work of a late-Victorian artist. People who delight in the productions of Alma-Tadema, Poynter or even the later Rossetti are apt to find Whistler evanescent, surprisingly difficult to grasp. On the other hand, although Whistler consorted for a while with the French Impressionists, his work remains outside the main line of development that led eventually to the emergence of Modernism.

The question is: how ought we to see him? How can we strip away the carapace constructed by his younger contemporaries, much of it with the aid of Whistler himself? The problem is to perceive him purely through what he painted.

In these terms Whistler is a curious figure. For example, though closely linked at one time to Courbet, and therefore to the mid-century Realism that preceded Impressionism, Whistler's work displays the first intimations of 20th-century abstraction. The extreme simplification of some of his paintings, particularly the nocturnes and some of the seascapes, presages a time when art would have no external subject—when its only theme (as in the work of Mark Rothko, one of Whistler's most direct heirs) would be aesthetic experience.

Whistler was proto-modern in other important respects as well. At the conclusion of his excellent study of the artist, published in 1963 when Whistler's reputation was probably at its nadir, the late Denys Sutton, editor of *Apollo*, quoted a famous pronouncement of Whistler's: "As music is the poetry of sound, so painting is the poetry of sight, and the subject matter has nothing to do with the harmony of sound or of colour." This credo stems from Baudelaire, who in turn seems to have picked it up from Delacroix. The latter's close friend, George Sand, records a conversation that took place one evening in January, 1841, between herself, Maurice Sand, Chopin and Delacroix. In the course of it the painter plunged into a detailed comparison between tones in painting and sounds in music. Similar ideas are expressed in Delacroix's *Journal*. The consequence of these ideas was the gradual detachment of art from



ISABELLA STEWART GARDNER MUSEUM, BOSTON

life: successive later stages of this process are visible in the work of Cézanne, Mondrian and the American Minimalists.

Whistler's essential modernity has tended to be concealed from the 20th-century audience by aspects both of his subject matter and of his personality. He was a dandy of the *fin de siècle*, and few attitudes evoke less sympathy now than professional dandyism. As a painter, he often tackled themes that seem wholly irrelevant to modernist concerns. For example, he was, together with Augustus John, William Orpen and his fellow American John Singer Sargent, one of the last successful practitioners of the full-length swagger portrait. In Britain the most familiar example is probably *Miss Cicely Alexander: Harmony in Grey and Green*, because it hangs in the Tate Gallery. However, there are others that are much more typical of the genre as a whole, among them the likenesses of Henry Irving, in the Metropolitan Museum, New York, and of the raffish Lady Archibald Campbell, in the Philadelphia Museum of Art. In these Whistler proclaims himself to be less the precursor of Rothko than the heir of Velázquez.

It is interesting to compare these ambitious full-lengths with those produced in the same period by Sargent—a much more sought-after and fashionable artist than Whistler ever became. Sargent's portraits, projecting status as well as personality, are on easier terms with Gainsborough and Reynolds, and he was keenly aware of the achievement of Velázquez. Yet he shows far less

awareness than Whistler of the long-term consequences of Velázquez's art. Whistler, taking a hint from the great Spaniard, tilts the picture-plane upward and contradicts established ideas about perspective. The same impulse can be seen in the work of artists otherwise as different from one another—and from Whistler himself—as Manet, Puvis de Chavannes and Gauguin. It is in these, as in Whistler, that we feel the first stirrings of the great changes that were to overtake the visual arts in our own century.

EDWARD LUCIE-SMITH



NATIONAL GALLERY OF ART, WASHINGTON/HARRIS WHITEMORE COLLECTION

The tiny figure of the painter Courbet dominates Whistler's *Harmony in Blue and Silver: Trouville*, painted in 1865.

The red-headed model for Whistler's *Symphony in White, No. 1: The White Girl* was his Irish mistress, Joanna Hifferman.

NELSON'S COLUMN CENTURY OF A LANDMARK



ANDREW BUTLER

At first delayed and then derided, the Catholic cathedral of Westminster has, for a century, brought a towering, exotic grandeur to London's skyline.

A hundred years ago a vast and controversial church went up in London. Alien in style to any other building, it rose behind a row of houses in Victoria Street, its Italianate-Byzantine architecture inviting criticism and derision. Today Westminster Cathedral—or “Vaughan’s folly” as it was once dubbed—is an admired feature of the London scene. Built between 1895 and 1903, the spiritual centre of Roman Catholicism in England and Wales celebrates the centenary of its foundation in the coming year.

For almost two years committees have been planning a programme of music, arts and worship to mark the anniversary. Five Continental cardinals have accepted Cardinal Hume’s invitation to conduct services of meditation during Lent. However, the most important religious ceremony is reserved for June 29, the date the foundation stone was laid in 1895 by Cardinal Herbert Vaughan.

A century after the antagonism that surrounded the cathedral’s construction, it is easy to underestimate Vaughan’s achievement. Almost 300 years of suppression had come to an end with the Catholic Emancipation Act of 1829, and Roman Catholics, free to worship again, sought a visible expression of their faith in London. Vaughan’s predecessor, Cardinal Henry Manning, had commissioned the architect Henry Clutton, a relative, to draw up plans in 1867. English Gothic was the type of design Manning considered least likely to offend Protestants.

Inevitably, money was a problem. Clutton neither asked for nor received a fee for his six years of work, and little progress was made with the plan until a surprising counter-proposal was advanced in 1882.

Sir Tatton Sykes, an eccentric sportsman, informed Manning that he

wished to become a Catholic and that he would finance the building. A Gothic extravaganza on the lines of the then new Votivkirche in Vienna would, he suggested, atone for the Protestant churches he had built near Sledmere House, his Yorkshire estate. Sir Tatton made one condition: he would contribute £25,000 annually (or £295,000 in the event of his death), providing the designer of the Votivkirche, Baron Heinrich von Ferstel, architect to the Emperor of Austria, replaced the unfortunate Clutton. Manning agreed. But before the plans were finalised, the baron died. His son, also an architect, was not interested in continuing his father’s commission and the project foundered.

When Vaughan was appointed to Westminster in 1892 he determined to make up for the years of indecision and resolved to see the fabric completed in his lifetime. He sought the advice of the Royal Institute of British Architects and nominated John Francis Bentley, a convert to Catholicism. Vaughan did not wish his building to compete with Westminster Abbey and asked Bentley for a basilica which would not cost a great deal of money but which had an interior that future generations could decorate as funds became available. He stipulated an Italianate style.

The result is an impressive exterior banded in alternate stripes of red brick and white Portland stone. The appearance is not very British or even Italian but it was intended to blend with the brickwork of the Victorian apartment blocks already existing in adjoining Ashley Place. The 284-foot campanile, resembling that of Siena, is

one of the few Italianate touches that Vaughan wanted. Bentley, who was sent to Italy in search of inspiration, preferred the Byzantine style of churches such as S Vitale in Ravenna and St Mark’s in Venice, and gradually he imposed his ideas on Vaughan.

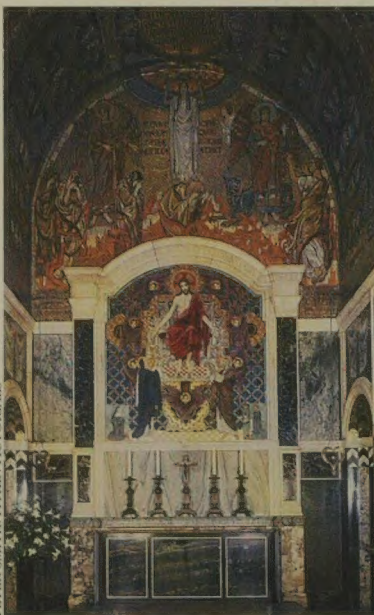
The cardinal may have been persuaded that the building had an appropriate style, but as it went up Westminster Cathedral became a target for controversy. Perhaps the most vitriolic comment came from the writer Frederick Rolfe who described it as a “pea-soup and streaky-bacon coloured caricature of an electric-light station”. Until the buildings that hemmed in the cathedral were demolished and the piazza onto Victoria Street was opened out in 1979, the scale and aesthetics could not be fully appreciated. Londoners will be able to see the scale model and drawings as well as the cathedral’s treasures when an exhibition devoted to the history of the building opens in July in the newly-restored Cathedral Hall.

Celebrations in the cathedral begin in February with a performance of *Messiah* by the Westminster Cathedral Choir, the first in a year-long series of concerts. The BBC Symphony Orchestra and Chorus follow with *The Dream of Gerontius*, which is particularly appropriate as the first London performance of Elgar’s oratorio was given in the cathedral in 1903. The music programme reaches a climax at the end of November when the London Symphony Chorus is to give William Walton’s *Belshazzar’s Feast*.

An international flower festival is on the calendar for May. Two million fresh blooms and a profusion of foliage arranged by famous designers on the theme of “cathedrals of the world” will decorate the nave, aisles and chapels.

The great mosaic over the sanctuary and the richly ornamented Lady Chapel, both darkened by years of candle smoke and incense, have been cleaned for the anniversary. It was Bentley’s intention to cover the walls and ceiling with marbles and mosaics—more than 100 different marbles from all parts of the world have so far been used. The final slabs, taking the decoration in the nave to the gallery level, are to be put in place shortly. And so, by June, the cathedral will have blazed into glory, and the comment of one eminent Catholic that it is “a megalomaniac hulk in a sea of unsightliness” may then be dismissed as rhetorical invective while a real assessment can at last be made of one of London’s great buildings.

DENISE SILVESTER-CARR



PETER SMITH/PIPKIN PICTORIALS

The Chapel of the Holy Souls shows the richness of detail inside the cathedral.

More than 100 different varieties of marble have been used in the interior.



Sir Joshua Reynolds: *Self-portrait When Young* (circa 1757)

Thanks to BP you can now see Joshua Reynolds with new eyes.

BP's support means the Tate has been able to repair, conserve and re-frame one of its great paintings: an early self-portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

Through painstaking skill and meticulous research, a bright young painter has now emerged from centuries of grime, maltreatment and insensitive restoration.

Come and see him soon. One of the surprises is the colour of Reynolds's eyes.

Everyone, including the Tate, had always assumed they were brown.

But now, thanks to BP and the Tate's conservators, ol' blue-grey eyes is back.



For all our tomorrows.



GOOD TIDINGS 1994

FROM MARTYN LEWIS

The Queen was vexed last Christmas by "the almost overwhelming daily diet of bad news in the media". Royal revelations and political scandals rumbled on through 1994 but the year also offered rather more promising gaps in the clouds, delivering rays of hope and promise to ease the world's troubles.

South Africa queued to vote in its first multi-racial election, Nelson Mandela completing his remarkable political journey from prisoner to president. Democracy was infectious. A power-sharing agreement brought to an end the bitter civil war in Angola—although the killing fields of Rwanda and Burundi bore dreadful testimony to the African tribal rivalries that remain. An intricate web of diplomacy, spearheaded by the British and Irish prime ministers, brought the promise of real peace to Northern Ireland for the first time in a quarter of a century as the IRA and Protestant paramilitaries laid down their arms. Another part of the Middle East jigsaw dropped into place when Jordan and Israel formally ended 46 years of "belligerency" between their two countries.

The Queen and President Mitterrand opened the most ambitious engineering project in European history—the 31-mile "Chunnel" providing a weather-free link between England and France. They were together again for the 50th anniversary of the D-Day landings, joining old soldiers travelling the lanes and memories of Normandy where our freedom was won.

A television audience of two billion watched

SYGMA — SHUTTERSTOCK COURTESY OF FOX EYES FOR STOCKISTS TEL: 071 465 173



Brazil beat Italy in a penalty shoot-out at the end of a World Cup so well organised by its American hosts that it gave football back its reputation as a family game. London's heatwave provided TV weather forecasters with plenty of practice for their timely new "skin cancer" warnings. The Church of England generated some heat of its own when it ordained its first women priests. The wider debate on how to stop the haemorrhaging of congregations continued. No such problems at Glyndebourne, which delivered Britain's first new opera house for 60 years—an eye-catching, state-of-the-art auditorium completed on time and within budget.

The nation shared the joy of the parents of Abbie Humphries, reunited with their baby daughter after two long weeks. She had been snatched from a hospital cot when she was just four hours old. The

In April long queues of voters waited patiently in hundreds of South African townships to mark their ballot papers for the first time.



Nelson Mandela triumphantly greets his supporters after his victory in South Africa's first multi-racial elections.



Middle East peace came closer when King Hussein of Jordan and Israeli Prime Minister Yitzhak Rabin agreed in Washington to end 46 years of belligerency.

The international terrorist Illich Ramirez Sanchez, known as Carlos the Jackal, right, was arrested in Khartoum and taken to Paris, where he is to face trial on murder charges.



Mr and Mrs Humphries, left, were reunited with their baby daughter Abbie after she had been snatched from a hospital cot, when four hours old, and hidden for two weeks.



RENTALURES





REN FEATURES



Hopes of peace in Northern Ireland rose after the signing of the Anglo-Irish Agreement by Prime Ministers John Major and Albert Reynolds, above, and the subsequent ceasefire by the IRA and the Protestant paramilitaries.

The Queen and President Mitterrand of France, below, in the Channel Tunnel during the ceremony when they officially declared the link open. They met again in Normandy for the 50th anniversary of D-Day, bottom.

SYGMA



sublime batsmanship of West Indian Brian Lara demolished two major cricketing records. Essex hurdler Sally Gunnell added her first European championship to Olympic, World and Commonwealth golds with the comment: "That's it—now it's ice-cream, beer and chips."

John Major wished the nation would feel the same way about the low inflation and falling unemployment he continued to deliver, but the "feel-good factor" remained elusive. The polls registered government popularity at record lows, as a new-model Labour party under Tony Blair made a bid for the centre-ground of British politics.

To everyone's surprise, a low-budget British film turned into one of the top international box-office hits of the year. Its title was *Four Weddings and a Funeral*. In news terms, it was that kind of year.

FRANK SPOONER PICTURES

LIBERTÉ



SYGMA

The United States staged the football World Cup; West Indian Brian Lara broke Gary Sobers's record for the highest Test innings, and scored 501 for Warwickshire, the highest individual score; Sally Gunnell completed an international grand slam of hurdle victories.

The British film Four Weddings and a Funeral was one of the box-office successes of the year.



ALLSPORT



ALLSPORT



REX FEATURES



POLYGRAM

The new opera house at Glyndebourne, left, opened to general acclaim in May.

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IN SEARCH OF ANGELS

*TO GET TO HEAVEN
MAN MUST
FIRST MAKE PEACE
WITH THE
ANGELS AT THE
GATES. THE
SUPERNATURAL
BEINGS HAVE
GENERALLY BEEN
GIVEN HUMAN
BODIES WITH WINGS,
AS IN THIS DETAIL
FROM A 17TH-
CENTURY PAINTING.
GUSTAV DAVIDSON
WORKED FOR
MANY YEARS TO
COMPILE AN ANGELIC
WHO'S WHO.*



Gustav Davidson, an American poet, devoted many years to building up a dictionary of angels which was first published 25 years ago. He found that in the 14th century the exact number had been calculated at 301,655,727, but concluded that this was a modest total if we regard stars as angels. He defined an angel as “a supernatural being intermediate between

God and man”, and noted that in early Christian times the terms angel and demon were interchangeable. He identified, among many others, angels of darkness and destruction, of food, forgetfulness and fornication, of health, insolence and insomnia, longevity and lust, perversion, scandal and truth. The following extract is drawn from a new edition of the dictionary.

One day, as I was leafing through the pages of the Book of Revelation, my eye was arrested by verse 2, chapter 8:

“And I saw the seven angels who stand before God;

And to them were given seven trumpets.”

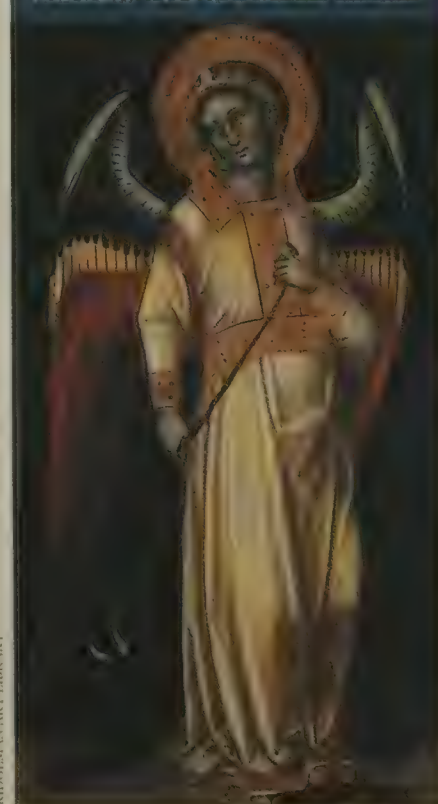
I asked myself: who are these seven holy ones that stand before God? Has any biblical scholar identified them? Are they of the order of seraphim, cherubim, principalities, powers? And are they always the same seven who enjoy the privilege and eminence of closest proximity to the throne of Glory? And why seven? Were the seven planets the prototype? Or did the notion derive from the well-known chapter in Ezekiel 9: 2-11 which gives a terrifying picture of six “men” and a seventh “clothed in linen” whom God summoned to Jerusalem to “slay without pity”?

Of the seven Revelation angels I had no difficulty in establishing the identity of three: Michael and Gabriel (in Scripture) and Raphael (in *The Book of Tobit*). The last-named angel, by a happy chance, identifies himself: “I am Raphael,” he discloses to his young charge Toby, “one of the seven angels who stand before the glory of the Lord”. No declaration could be more authoritative or conclusive. And so, with three of the seven identified, the problem was to bring to light the remaining four.

Since I was unacquainted at the time with anyone versed in angel lore, I decided to enter into correspondence with scholars and theologians who might help me. I put the question squarely to them. The responses were a long time coming and hardly satisfying. “Not in my competence” was the way one biblical exegete put it. From others I heard



TWO OF THE HOLY ONES FROM THE SCRIPTURES: THE ARCHANGELS GABRIEL, ABOVE, AND MICHAEL, BELOW, ARE WELL ENOUGH KNOWN OPPOSITE JACOB'S LADDER. VISUALISED BY BLAKE



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nothing, but one came through handsomely with two sets of seven, each leading off with the familiar trio, thus:

First List	Second List
Michael	Michael
Gabriel	Gabriel
Raphael	Raphael
Uriel	Anael (Haniel)
Raguel	Zadkiel
Saraqael	Orifiel
Remiel (or Camael)	Uzziel (or Sidriel)

I now had not only the seven angels I had been looking for but a choice of seven, and, in addition, the names of angels I had not heard of before. I was also apprised of a branch of extracanonical writings new to me: pseudepigrapha, particularly *The Books of Enoch* which literally rioted in angel names—many of them duplications or corruptions of other names.

One of the problems I ran into was how to hack my way through the maze of changes in nomenclature and orthography that angels passed through in the course of their being translated from one language into another, or copied out by scribes from one manuscript to another, or by virtue of the natural deterioration that occurs with any body of writing undergoing repeated transcriptions and metathesis. For example: Uriel, “presider over Tartarus” and “regent of the sun”, shows up variously as Sariel, Nuriel, Uryan, Jehoel, Owreel, Oroiael, Phanuel, Eremiel, Ramiel, Jeremiel, Jacob-Isra’el. Derivations and/or variations of Haniel, chief of principalities and “the tallest angel in Heaven”, may be set down in mathematical equations, to wit: Haniel = Anael = Anfiel = Aniyel = Anafiel = Onoel = Ariel = Simiel. The celestial *gabbai*, keeper of the treasures of Heaven, Vretil, turns out to be the



*THE RAMPARTS
OF GOD'S
HOUSE BY JOHN
MILLER IN
STRETDWICK
SHOWN
PRE-RAPHAELITE
ANGELS
PREPARING TO
WELCOME
A MAN WHO
STANDS ON
THE THRESHOLD
OF HEAVEN*





same as, or can be equated with, or is an aphetic form of, Gabriel, Radueriel, Pravuil, Seferiel, Vrevoil.

Michael had a mystery name: Sab-bathiel. He passed also for the Shekinah, the Prince of Light, the Logos, Meta-tron, the angel of the Lord, and as St Peter (for Michael, also, like the prince of apostles, holds—or held—the keys of the kingdom of Heaven). In addition, as the earliest recorded slayer of the Dragon, Michael may be considered the prototype of the redoubtable St George.

To the ancient Persians he was known as Beshter, sustainer of mankind.

Raphael, “christened” Labbiel when God first formed him, is interchangeable with Apharope, Raguel, Ramiel, Azrael, Raffarel, etc. And, to make matters more complicated, our healing angel operated under a pseudonym, Azariah (as in *The Book of Tobit*). *The Zohar* equates Raphael with a king of the underworld, Bael.

Satan paraded under, or hid behind, a bewildering array of forms and incarnations. The “prince of the power of the

air”, as Paul picturesquely dubs him, is our best example of a quick-change artist in guises and appellatives. In Zoroastrian theosophy he is Ahriman, enemy of man and God. In Leviticus he is Azazel, the “goat of the sin offering”. In Isaiah he is Lucifer. In Matthew, Mark and Luke he is Beelzebub, “lord of flies”. In Revelation he is “that dragon and old serpent, the Devil”. He is Mastema and/or Beliar in *The Book of Jubilees* and *The Book of Adam and Eve*. In *Enoch* he is Satanail and Salamiel. To Shakespeare he is the “Lordly monarch of the north”; to Milton the “Thief of Paradise”; to Bunyan he is Diabolus.

But whatever his guise, the once familiar peripatetic of Heaven is no longer to be found there, as guest or resident; nor is it likely that the black divinity of his feet will ever again be sighted on the crystal battlements—unless he is forgiven and reinvested with his former rank and glory, an eventuality the Church forbids its followers to entertain as possible or desirable, since Satan and his angels have been cursed by the Saviour Himself “into everlasting fire” (Matthew 25:41).

It is well to bear in mind that all angels, whatever their state of grace—indeed, no matter how christologically corrupt and defiant—are under God, even when, to all intents and purposes, they are performing under the direct orders of the Devil. Evil itself is an instrumentality of the Creator, who uses evil for His own divine, if unsearchable, ends. At least, such may be gathered from Isaiah 45:7; it is also Church doctrine, as is the doctrine that angels, like human beings, were created with free will, but that they surrendered their free will the moment they were formed.

At that moment, we are told, they were given (and had to make) the choice between turning toward or away from God, and that it was an irrevocable choice. Those angels that turned toward God gained the beatific vision, and so became fixed eternally in good; those that turned away from God became

THE ANGEL OF EDEN ABOVE STANDS
GUARD AT THE GATES
OF PARADISE AS ADAM AND EVE
ARE REVINISHED.
MONKS WHO ILLUMINATED A LATE-
15TH-CENTURY FRENCH
MANUSCRIPT, RIGHT, GAVE HARPS TO
THE SEVEN ANGELS
RATHER THAN THE TRADITIONAL
TRUMPETS MENTIONED
IN THE BOOK OF REVELATION





ABOVE: TWO 17TH-CENTURY
ANGELS DINE AT
ABRAHAM'S TABLE AND A
PROTECTIVE OR
AVENGING ARCHANGEL
BELOW: ANGELS
MAKE MUSIC ON A MARBLE
RELIEF BY
LUCA DELLA ROBBIA



fixed eternally in evil. These latter are the demons, they are *not* the fallen angels (an entirely different breed of recusants which hatched out subsequently, on Satan's defection). Man, however, continues to enjoy free will. He can still choose between good and evil. This may or may not work out to his advantage; more often than not it has proved his undoing. The best that man can hope for, apparently, is that when he is weighed in the balance (by the "angels of final reckoning"), he is not found wanting.

Angels perform a multiplicity of duties and tasks. Pre-eminently they serve God. They do this by the ceaseless chanting of glorias as they circle the high holy Throne. They also carry out missions from God to man. But many serve man directly as guardians, counsellors, guides, judges, interpreters, cooks, comforters, dragomen, matchmakers, and gravediggers. They are responsive to invocations when such invocations are properly formulated and the conditions are propitious. In occult lore angels are conjured up not only to help an invocant strengthen his faith, heal his afflictions, find lost articles, increase his worldly

goods, and procure offspring, but also to circumvent and destroy an enemy.

There are instances where an angel or troop of angels turned the tide of battle, abated storms, conveyed saints to Heaven, brought down plagues, fed hermits, helped ploughmen, converted heathens. An angel multiplied the seed of Hagar, protected Lot, caused the destruction of Sodom, hardened Pharaoh's heart, rescued Daniel from the lions' den and Peter from prison.

To come closer to our own times: it will be recalled that when Spinoza was "execrated, cursed, and cast out" from his community in Amsterdam for holding among other "heretical views" that "angels were an hallucination", the edict of excommunication against him was drawn up by the rabbis "with the judgment of the angels".

In dealing with angels it is best to be on our guard. Even Satan, as Paul cautioned us, can show himself transformed into an angel of light.

□ Gustav Davidson's *A Dictionary of Angels* is published by The Free Press, a division of Macmillan, Inc, New York.

ANGELS FOR THE 90s

CLARE MACKIE
CONJURES UP
IMAGES OF ANGELS IN
MODERN GUISES.





CHRISTMAS IN WARTIME

*FIFTY YEARS AGO
BRITAIN WAS
ENDURING, AND
TRYING TO
MAKE THE BEST
OF, ITS SIXTH
CHRISTMAS AT
WAR. IT WAS
A TIME OF DANGER
AND PRIVATION
FOR THOSE
AT HOME AS WELL
AS FOR THOSE
FIGHTING
ABROAD, AS TEN
SURVIVORS OF
THOSE TROUBLED
TIMES RECALL.*

SIR JOHN GIELGUD
Undefeated by the Blitz, my redoubtable parents would pass the night, not daring to go to bed, huddled in rugs in the draughty hallway of their Kensington flat. They survived, however, to celebrate a party we gave them in honour of their golden wedding. The Christmas lunches that they



continued to give during the war gradually became somewhat depressing occasions since my brother, my sister and I would become argumentative and tetchy, trying to avoid middle-aged gloom with copious kisses and presents and doing our best to ignore the tears in my mother's eyes as we drank to "absent friends", the relations and others who had always crowded in when we were children.

But 1942 was to end for me in an exciting experience. Hugh Beaumont, my London manager, suggested that I might arrange a little revue, to be called *Christmas Party*, for staging at the small theatre in Gibraltar to an audience of troops who had been isolated for many months from any kind of entertainment.

We assembled a fine cast, headed by Edith Evans, Beatrice Lillie, Elizabeth Welch, Michael Wilding and myself, and I designed an hour-and-a-half-long programme of sketches, songs and recitations.

Flying from the west country in a blacked-out plane, we landed

in Lisbon on the afternoon of Christmas Eve, dazzled by the city ablaze with lights and driving past brilliant shop windows crammed with luxuries. We heard an impressive midnight Mass in the cathedral, and sat late into the night in a café listening to Portuguese singers.

Next morning we flew on to Gibraltar, where we were welcomed not only by the governor, Lieutenant-General Noel Mason-MacFarlane, but also by two of my greatest friends from pre-war days, John Perry and Anthony Quayle, both of whom were serving on his staff.

Delighted with the theatre, we played for a month to rapturously enthusiastic audiences, giving two shows every night and also a number of morning performances in hospitals and aircraft-carriers. Everyone we met was unforgettably helpful and responsive; people would stop us in the street to discuss the things they had liked best in the revue, and greet the ladies of our company by their Christian names. It was indeed a very happy Christmas.



**THE DUCHESS
OF DEVONSHIRE**

Casting my mind back to Christmas, 1944, revives feelings of great joy and great sorrow. The joy was that Andrew had come

home safely in November, having served with the Coldstream Guards through the Italian campaign, to see our son, born after he had been posted abroad. The sorrow was that the four most loved friends of my youth were killed in quick succession.

Taken up as I was with babies and the everyday problems of living, the year passed in a hazy sort of way, but Sto's birth, Andrew's return and the deaths of my adored friends still stand out as they always will.

By 1944 even the most trivial things to do with food became increasingly important. Shopping in Bake-well meant travelling 3 miles in the pony cart. I would tie the mare to a lamp-post

for a ritual visit to the butcher—more for a chat than in the hope of getting any meat. "Where am I on the list for a tongue, Mr Thacker?" I would inquire, to be told there were 35 still in front of me. The fishmonger seldom had much to offer either.

A soldier home from North Africa caused a minor sensation by putting a lemon on the counter of the village post office:

donate 2d to the Red Cross and you were allowed to smell it. Letters to and from my sisters were full of chat about rations and things grown to eat, including my pig called Vernon. I wrote to Nancy: "Vernon's glorious hams and sides of bacon are hanging in the larder and I keep going to look at them." Christmas lunch of roast chicken at my mother-in-law's house was a huge excitement, although the Christmas pudding was mostly of bread-crumbs, with a currant here and there.

Presents were dim indeed. I wrote a rave letter to thank my mother for a washing-up bowl, and I sent two wooden spoons to my sister Diana. That was Christmas, 1944.

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LADY LONGFORD

Our kitchen was the only possible room for the celebration of Christmas. It felt lived-in, as indeed it was, and above all warm. Besides the cooker, there was an old-fashioned stove around which the whole family clustered. Even in summer the dining-room and drawing-room were chilly in spirit during the war; the kitchen never. I can

remember vividly that Christmas of 1944.

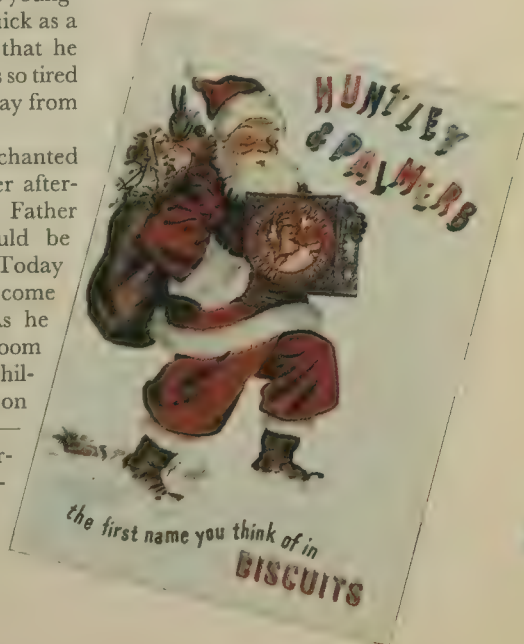
For Christmas lunch we all gathered round the scrubbed table while Popie (Mrs Pope), our cook, produced her grandest hot-pot. Root vegetables, shreds of skinny though home-pampered chicken—called turkey for the great day—and sawdust sauce. Tea consisted of Popie's usual "make-do and chew" cakes, but now, garnished with minuscule dabs of icing, they looked like the dolls'-house cakes that the Two Bad Mice hacked to pieces in the Beatrix Potter tale of that name.

The climax came with the visit of Father Christmas and his heavy sack of toys. The kitchen floor was covered with slippery linoleum. Suddenly

Santa (Frank, my husband) skidded on the treacherous surface and, burdened as he was, crashed at his children's feet. The youngsters cheered wildly. Quick as a flash, Frank explained that he had fallen because he was so tired after travelling all the way from the North Pole.

The children were enchanted with this story, and ever afterwards insisted that the Father Christmas drama should be re-enacted annually. Today Father Christmas has become Grandpa Christmas. As he bursts into the drawing-room with his sack, the grandchildren are ready to spring on him and bring him down—except that he never forgets his little bit of wartime theatre, and down he crashes with parcels spilling out all around.

During wartime a combination of ingenuity and imagination evoked the traditional Christmas spirit.





LORD RIX

For me 1944 was an unforgettable Christmas. To begin with, the medics had just decided that my chronic sinusitis, coupled with a ghastly operation—a double nasal antrostomy—made me unfit for further RAF flying training and I had, therefore, volunteered to go down the mines as a Bevin boy instead. I wandered off on Christmas leave in a state of suspended animation, neither fish, fowl nor good red herring—which makes as pertinent an introduction to the tale of our Christmas turkey as any...

My mother was friendly with the local farmer, who bred turkeys. This year she produced a huge 24-pounder that had everyone, guests and family alike, drooling—until the first mouthful. On tasting it, everyone hurriedly put down their knives and forks, glanced uneasily at one another and awaited my mother's reaction. It came. She was not given to swearing and her "Oh dear me!" was as far as she would go, but that said it all. Plates were gathered up and scraped clean of turkey, stuffing and gravy. Such vegetables as could be saved were

put to one side, and tins of Spam opened to provide our Christmas repast. A terrible let-down after all our gastronomic expectations.

The cause of all this brouhaha? The farmer, seeking to fatten his turkeys to gargantuan size had fed them on the cod-liver oil tablets dished out to children during the war (and after it) as vitamin supplements. The birds had

Lord Rix, circled, as an RAF cadet.

thrived but their flesh, when cooked, tasted like old cods' heads after a night in the dustbin. Our turkey was not the last in the shop but it was certainly the last my mother bought from that farmer—even though he freely admitted it had been the piece of cod which passeth all understanding.



LORD HAILSHAM

It seems odd to me that of the six Christmas Days I spent in wartime, four of them in uniform, only one—1941—has remained in my memory. At that time I was serving under General Jumbo Wilson as a general staff officer in a small mountain village 3,000 feet above Beirut.

I was walking to my office that Christmas morning when I heard the unmistakable tune of "O come, all ye faithful" issuing from a building we used as a church. I walked in, thinking I was attending a carol service. It was a Quaker meeting conducted entirely in Arabic. In the intervals between the silences I understood only two words, "Ibrahim, Ibrahim". I realised that it was a lesson from Genesis describing Abraham's near sacrifice of Isaac. Not perhaps the ideal lesson for Christmas morning but it was the only service I was able to attend that day and is the only Quaker meeting I have ever been to.

Cod-liver oil, left, improved the health of children but its flavour did not do much for the Rix family's turkey.



J. ENOCH POWELL

When the news of the D-Day landings arrived, I was on the staff of GHQ India in Delhi. Although we were not technically under South-East Asia Command, in India our thoughts were all directed towards preparations for the assault expected on somewhere in the Japanese-occupied parts of south-east Asia.

From the point of view of those recalling D-Day in Normandy and its sequel, I can appreciate that this will sound no more than a "nil return". Nevertheless, it is a reminder of how far away Europe seemed to those substantial

British forces that were facing the Japanese. War would not be over with the collapse of Germany, and stiff and costly campaigns were assumed to lie ahead. Viewed from south-east Asia, VE and VJ are very separate events.

There loomed also the future of the Indian empire. My last assignment had been as a member of the Commander-in-Chief's Commission on the Post-war Indian Army. We had been instructed to work on the assumption of an unpartitioned India. It would have been little satisfaction to us to know, when we turned in our report, that the

copies of it would be a minor object of contention between the embryo governments of India and Pakistan. This is another reminder of how much the sudden, apocalyptic conclusion of the war with Japan altered all future perspectives.

While preparations are made to recall and celebrate VE day, there will be many who find it impossible to banish from their minds VJ day and all the emotions that had accompanied the dreary years since the fall of Singapore, which the nuclear denouement would never be able to extinguish.

GENERAL SIR JOHN HACKETT

Badly wounded in the Arnhem battle and then spirited out of hospital by the Dutch underground, I spent four and a half months in the village of Ede, hidden, nursed, fed and cherished in a family of four middle-aged Christian women and the grown-up son and daughter of one of them. The house next door, 50 yards away, was a German military police billet.

By Christmas I was strong enough to go off through snow-bound Holland on my way home, and they had found me a bicycle and guides for my departure on Christmas Day. Circumstances compelled a postponement and I spent that day with the family in what was now my home. The Germans next door had been

fattening a goose and I had offered my hostesses to steal it for them. They would not hear of this. "Never go out in the sun," they said, quoting an old Dutch proverb, "with butter on your head." Our Christmas fare was an underground rabbit, a rare treat in that bitter, hungry time.

It would be several more weeks before I could be launched on another attempt at departure, this time successfully.

Of all the Christmastides I have ever known this one, spent in a calm, courageous, Christian family unperturbed by the mortal danger into which they had moved, will always stand out in my memory as a monument to fortitude, strength and love. I had often seen bravery in battle. I had now learnt the unconquerable strength to be found in the gentle.

BRIGADIER JAMES HILL

On Christmas Day, 1939, I found myself commanding an outpost platoon of the 2nd Battalion of The Royal Fusiliers in the *ligne de contact* of the Maginot Line south-east of Metz. Brilliant sunshine bounced back off the powdery snow and the cold was intense.

Two days earlier a Fortnum & Mason hamper addressed to me had arrived by horse transport, the oil in the motor vehicles having frozen. My company commander had deemed it reckless to expose such a hamper to an outpost and had said that company headquarters should hold it until the great day. His kind offer caused me considerable anxiety! However, at about mid-day I was summoned to company headquarters, which were located in the station master's house of a disused railway station. Before entering the house I stopped to wish a happy Christmas to the fusilier on anti-aircraft duty who was manning a Lewis gun that was mounted on a tripod just outside.

I was opening my hamper as the clock struck 12 when suddenly high expectation and tranquillity disappeared. Our brigade commander, a fiery man whom we feared but much respected,

arrived full of *bonhomie* to wish his troops in the front line a happy Christmas.

All would have been well had not the only German reconnaissance aircraft that we had seen chosen that moment to zoom low over the railway embankment, just missing the chimney-pots of company headquarters.

The arrival of the first real-life target proved too much for our ack-ack fusilier, who, in his excitement to maintain fire and keep the enemy in his sights, had tripped over the tripod, bringing the gun to the ground to the immediate danger of all around, including the brigadier. Meanwhile the enemy plane sped out of sight, the irate brigadier stormed into our headquarters, his *bonhomie* having completely vanished, and we were all given a severe dressing-down for the laxity of our ack-ack defences in the front-line. All in all, although it may be hard to believe, any vestiges of Christmas atmosphere had evaporated!

Fortunately the day was not entirely lost. We had suffered no casualties from either the enemy or our own ack-ack defences. The enraged brigade commander was recovering his composure and sense of humour—the hamper



Brigadier James Hill



General Sir John Hackett ate Christmas rabbit with a brave Dutch family.

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with its considerable delicacies lay open on the table and this enabled us, with some diffidence, to offer him hospitality, which he graciously accepted. He left shortly thereafter with a warm feeling in his heart which he no doubt attributed to a successful mission restoring ack-ack proficiency and martial ardour. We felt that the hamper with its port, Stilton cheese and Bath Oliver biscuits had more than contributed to that happy effect.

At "stand-to" on that bitterly cold evening I sensed that we had received an appropriate gift for which to thank the Almighty on this his greatest of days.



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LORD HUNT

In November, 1943, I was on the eastern part of the Gustav Line in Italy, involved in establishing a precarious bridgehead across the Sangro river for our Eighth Army. I was commanding the 11th Battalion of my regiment, serving in the United States Fifth Army, on the Garigliano river. It was there that, impotent to make any advance, I spent Christmas, 1943. My battalion was closely overlooked by a German division on the bare, rocky slopes of Monte Damiano which were heavily mined and wired. Movement was restricted to hazardous and unrewarding night patrols. We watched the bitter fighting on Monte Cassino on our right flank, across the Liri river. We were told that the Allied landings at Anzio had been a costly failure; the formations there were, according to Churchill, "a stranded whale". It was indeed a dismal period, in which no thought of celebrating Christmas Day entered our minds; brotherly love across the Gustav Line was entirely lacking.

In equally frustrating but totally different circumstances, I spent Christmas, 1944, in Greece, in the town of Patras, at the western entrance to the Gulf of Corinth. I was then commanding the 11th Brigade



Lord Hunt, bringing aid to the Greeks.

of the 4th Indian Division, which had been transferred from Italy in October to fill the vacuum created by the retreat of the German Army in Greece. Our task was to help re-establish a Greek government and bring aid to the Greek people in their devastated country. Yet hardly had we begun that awesome undertaking than an unpredicted crisis arose; a rebellion, carefully planned by the communists during the years of occupation, broke on the Greek nation. My brigade was scattered along the coastline and on the islands of western Greece in pursuance of its humanitarian role, covering some 200 miles from

Corfu to the Peloponnese. With great difficulty, and at the cost of considerable casualties and lost equipment at the hands of the communist forces (ELAS), I had succeeded in withdrawing most of my troops to Patras, where we were soon surrounded and under siege. I was given strict instructions by Lieutenant-General Ronald Scobie, commander of III Corps, not to be drawn into hostilities with the ELAS division surrounding the town, which its commander, Colonel Tsikladeras, was determined to provoke. We learned that some 2,000 guerrillas had been infiltrated into Patras. Every day my troops were suffering casualties and our frustration was running high.

Despite this, forbearance prevailed. In my book *Life is Meeting* I wrote of that period: "As Christmas approached, units were encouraged to give parties and organise dances to which the citizens were invited; £200 was raised in response to an appeal by the Nomarch [the local administrator] to provide food for the poor. It was ironic, as we discovered later, that food was being requisitioned by ELAS at the same time, from those very same people, to provide rations for their men.

In a gesture to relieve tension at a higher level I entertained the

Bishop of Patras, the Nomarch and other senior officials, as well as Colonel Tsikladeras, commander of the 3rd ELAS Division, at dinner. At a Christmas party given by the garrison for a thousand Greek children there were three Father Christmases: Kenneth Hicks (head of the British Military Mission, Greece), an Indian commanding officer and myself. We put on a performance of *Red Riding Hood*, in which the Big Bad Wolf was played by a Gurkha, who brandished his kukri at the moment when he leapt out of Grandmother's bed. It was the ultimate in make-believe."

I have never been prouder of British and Indian soldiers, in war or peace, than during that perilous period. In a special order of the day, after it was all over, when we had completed a successful battle to eject the ELAS troops, I concluded with these words: "We have been involved in a Balkan brawl not of our making, with far wider ramifications. We have played it cool and won the battle of nerves."

Today, as I read of a later generation of British and allied troops attempting to cope with yet another Balkan brawl, I applaud again those sterling qualities of forbearance, courage, humanity and good humour.

DAME CICELY SAUNDERS

I spent most of the war years training as a nurse at the Nightingale School of Nursing, St Thomas's Hospital. It was badly bombed in 1940 and I served in war hospitals, sometimes attending lectures after a night on duty. It was very hard to keep awake; if your head fell forward it was not too difficult to disguise the fact that you were dozing, but when it dropped backward it was another matter.

Some of the Nightingale traditions continued during this time, including carols round the wards and even a nativity play. The probationers, whose duty it was, sang lustily if not always in perfect tune but our audiences of largely servicemen were kind in their reception of our efforts. As a former member of the Oxford Bach Choir I found myself acting as conductor and organiser, each time hoping it would be the last wartime Christmas.

My final appearance was scheduled to be as a soloist in a concert organised by officer patients at Botley's Park War Hospital. However, this was not

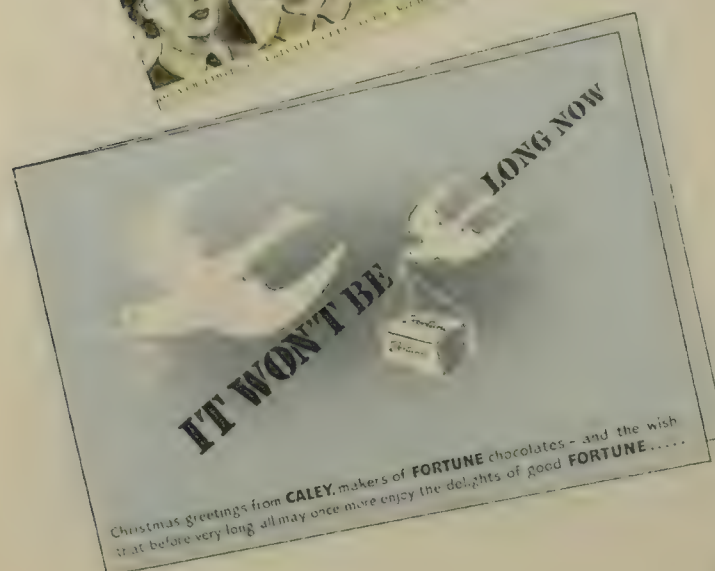


considered to be a suitable role for a junior staff nurse, and in my place an officer in a wheelchair performed "No nightingales sing in Botley's Park".

Finally I was invalided out with a bad back and returned to Oxford to complete a war degree in 1945. Several of us hitch-hiked to London by meat lorry on VE day to give thanks in Westminster Abbey and to cheer the King and Queen and Mr Churchill, whose leadership had done so much to sustain us through those long, hard, wartime years.



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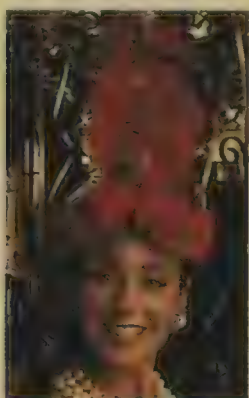


Madame Schackie's hats are the crowning touch at parties in the Stafford Hotel's wine cellars. Regular guest Christopher Biggins invited his friends Lorraine Chase and Anna Nicholas to join him for some seasonal spirit topped off by this Paris-trained milliner's flights of fantasy.

PHOTOGRAPH BY
STEVE SHIPMAN

Every November a lorry sets out from Copenhagen for London stacked high with outrageous headgear. Officials waive it through customs as a cargo of paper party hats. But this description of the contents, says their creator, the Paris-trained milliner Mme Schackie, is like calling a Rolls-Royce a car. The ebullient Danish modiste dismisses regular party tiffers as "the sort that end up on the floor". By contrast, the exquisitely-made Chapeaux Festival, as she calls them, are supplied for parties at the world's best addresses and invariably taken home as souvenirs.

"The secret of a good party hat is to make the wearer look elegant, not silly," she declares. "My hats give ambience, they make women look more beautiful and men appear more masculine." The ultimate accolade came from the Queen, who wore one of the hats at a party. Subsequently, she sent a personal message to Mme Schackie complimenting her on her work.



Lorraine Chase shot to fame with a glass of Campari, but is equally at home drinking Christmas champagne. This busy actress is a staunch pantomime fan. "It's hard work—at least two performances a day—and you have to believe in it." But, she says, she relishes the chance to reach a new audience, of which 75 per cent are in a theatre for the first time. *Lorraine Chase is the Spirit of the North Star in Robinson Crusoe at the Pavilion Theatre in Bournemouth.*

From the Atelier Schack, just behind Copenhagen's royal palace, Mme Schackie supervises a team of 40 women who work with the finest crêpe paper and a glue tracked down in northern Sweden. Each has different specialities. Some are adept at whipping crêpe paper into extravagant bows and luscious roses which, with a feather or two, would not be out of place at Ascot. Others are skilled at making more exotic confections, using strips of gold card to create a Mexican sombrero, an Aztec head-dress, an Indian turban or Caesar-style laurels.

Each hat is personally designed by Mme Schackie. She regularly attends fashion shows and travels widely in a constant quest for new ideas. Recent inspiration has come from visits to museums of ethnography in the USA and a trip to EuroDisney. "I work late into the night. I never go to bed before four o'clock and I sleep for maybe four or five



Milliner à la mode: Madame Schackie.

hours. I can't tell you how many different designs I've done—it must be thousands." As we talk, orders are arriving by fax from Hong Kong, the casino in Monte Carlo and New York's Waldorf Astoria.

In London The Stafford Hotel, in St James's, is one of several chic party spots where Mme Schackie's hats are a popular hit. Says managing director Alan FitzGerald, "They have great impact. They lift an occasion and are a talking point when guests arrive." He adds, with a slight note of surprise, "And people look good in them."

Underneath the hotel are 350-year-old wine cellars reputed to be linked by a tunnel to St James's Palace. Once the scene of trysts between King James II and his mistress Arabella Churchill, they now attract party-goers in search of a memorable venue. Guests walk through candle-lit corridors, where the hotel's large collection of fine wines lies swathed in cobwebs, and emerge in a vaulted chamber where curious wartime memorabilia and antique wine-making equipment are displayed. Mme Schackie's hats are now part of the décor, and make a spectacular display on the long table when party guests arrive.



Christopher Biggins, one of London's most popular men-about-town, comes into his own at Christmas. Never one to miss the chance of strutting his stuff on stage, he adores pantomime and loves appearing as the dame. He was happy to get into the festive mood by trying out one of Mme Schackie's more fanciful creations. *Christopher Biggins is Widow Twankey in Aladdin at the Theatre Royal in Norwich.*

The daughter of a Danish fashion correspondent, Mme Schackie was born in Paris and grew up accompanying her mother to the haute couture shows. By the time she was 13, she was determined to be a milliner and, after training and working in Paris, she moved to Copenhagen with her family. She opened her own salon, making hats for diplomats' wives.

One day, on a holiday cruise, she was invited to the captain's table and decided, on a whim, to make some fancy hats for the ladies. The cruise director was so impressed that by the following year she was supplying the entire shipping line with party headgear, her designs inspired by local costumes in the ships' ports of call. What began as an amusing sideline was soon in such demand that it fully absorbed her time. Her company, which has expanded rapidly, now makes party-wear full-time, and her reputation as number one in the world for elegant, handmade paper hats is assured.



Anna Nicholas, who plays Conchita in Barry Manilow's *Copacabana*, found a more restrained interpretation of one of her costumes in Mme Schackie's hat box. Her role sees her sweeping onto the stage in a £9,000 hand-beaded and sequined affair. Rave reviews have meant the musical is playing right through the Christmas season and booking into the summer. *Copacabana is at the Prince of Wales Theatre in London's West End.*

For further information on Mme Schackie's hats, and to obtain a brochure, please telephone Derek Thompson on Caithness (08806) 264, fax 217; or Mme Schackie directly on Copenhagen (010 45 33) 13 42 31, fax 93 34 54. Orders for 100 standard hats start from around £5 a hat if delivered in the London Christmas consignment. More elaborate, individual creations dispatched by air are more expensive.

The Stafford Hotel has five private dining rooms, including the candle-lit wine cellars, which can accommodate from two to 42 people. Party-goers may choose to stay overnight, either in the main hotel building or in the adjacent Carriage House, 18th-century stables converted into 12 new rooms around a mews courtyard. The Stafford has special Christmas and New Year programmes. Tel: 071-493 0111.

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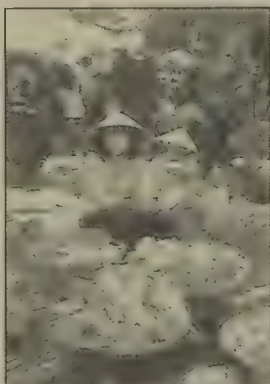
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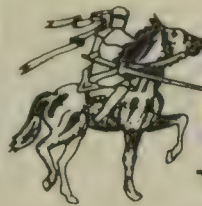
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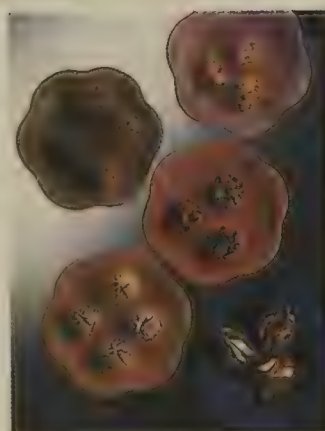
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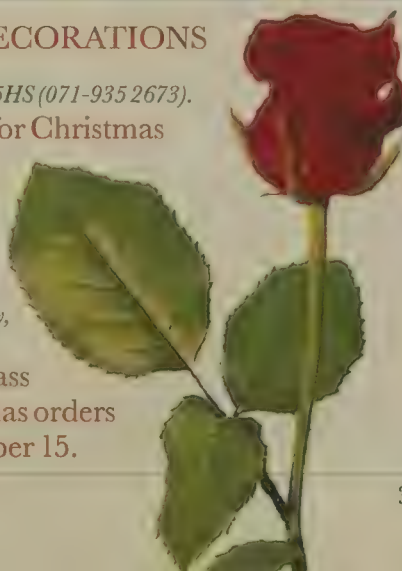
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Operatic serenades accompanied by guitar, with flowers and champagne, for a touch of romance at gatherings in your own home. Singers come dressed as troubadours. Very loud!

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PO Box 1105, London SW1V 2DE (071-589 8133).

All kinds of party music, classical to rock. Performers include solo harpists, eastern European gypsy, jive and traditional jazz bands, cocktail pianists, a calypso trio, a bagpiper, Elizabethan minstrels and a flamenco guitarist.



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Will organise food, flowers, lighting, music and special effects for any party and can supply crock-

ery and crystal. From romantic dinners for two to lavish balls.

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Dickensian (beadle at door, dinner, choir, palmist, coconut shy); Cabaret (1930s Berlin nightclub décor, singer, roulette tables); Hollywood (jazz band, dinner, casino). Can also arrange traditional banquets, dinners and drinks parties.

NAPPY DELIVERIES

Nappy Express

128 High Road, London N11 1PG (081-361 4040).

Nappies delivered free in London; also nappy-washing service. Hire of baby equipment (high chairs, buggies, travel cots) and children's videos. Can supply baby foods and other household necessities such as toilet rolls, toiletries and cleaning materials.



Party Planners

56 Ladbroke Grove, London W11 2PB (071-229 9666).

Parties large and small run by Lady Elizabeth Anson, still considered the doyenne of party organisers.

PARTY PARAPHERNALIA

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216 Kensington High Street, London W8 7RG (delivery service: 081-875 1626).

Delivery service for balloons, novelties, party-poppers, crêpe garlands and streamers, plus indoor and outdoor fireworks for adult parties.

Oscar's Den

127-129 Abbey Road, London NW6 4SL (071-328 6683).

Delivery service for balloons, crackers, hats and blowers. Can also organise entertainers and magicians.

PARTY STAFF

The Pie Man

23 Pensbury Street, London SW4 4TL (071-627 5232).

Butlers, cocktail barmen, waitresses, chauffeurs, carol-singers, Scottish piper, magician.

Universal Aunts

PO Box 304, London SW4 0NN (071-738 8937).

Butlers, waitresses, washers-up, cooks, door and cloakroom staff. Will also write out and dispatch invitations.

PERSONAL SHOPPING

Harrods

Knightsbridge, London SW1X 7XL (shopping hotline: 071-581 4874).

Order over the telephone from Harrods' Christmas catalogues (separate ones for gifts, books, hampers and perfume) or ask Julia Eccles to shop in the store on your behalf. Home delivery service.

Harvey Nichols

Knightsbridge, London SW1X 7RJ (shopping hotline: 071-259 6638).

Staff can visit London homes to suggest gift lists. Anything from the store (food, fashion, toiletries, gifts, home accessories) can be gift-wrapped and delivered to London addresses.

PETS

Mutts 'n' Moggs Silver Service

37 Tyneham Close, London SW11 5XN (071-350 2721).

Flexible animal-care service. Will walk the dog or feed the hamster. Operates mainly in south-west and west London.



TREE DECORATION

Ann Oliver

The Garden Centre, Syon Park, Brentford, Middx TW8 8JG (081-568 3908).

Will design a scheme, buy decorations and dress the Christmas tree, as illustrated above.

Annie Fryer Catering

134 Lots Road, London SW10 0R7 (071-351 4333).

Trees decorated with dried citrus fruits, tangerine clove pomanders, Christmas biscuits; also supplies swagging for fireplace, gold-painted nuts and squashes, pots with candles and Christmas roses.

Pampered Pets

614 Holloway Road, London N19 3PB (071-272 1754).

Collection/delivery service in central London for trimming and grooming all breeds.

POETRY

Poetic Licence

26 Rheidol Terrace, London N1 8NS (071-226 3110).

Auriel Mellon composes verse caricatures from details provided in a questionnaire. The finished poem is presented, typed, in a clip-frame. From £35 for 20 lines.

VISAS AND PASSPORTS

The Visaservice

2 Northdown Street, London N1 9BG (071-833 2709).

Escaping Christmas? Visaservice checks all forms and applications, queues up to lodge them, then delivers visa or passport to your home.

WASTE DISPOSAL

Enviroclear

Southbank House, Black Prince Road, London SE1 7SJ (071-582 6001).

Clears up Christmas/New Year debris from homes all round London before Twelfth Night.

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16 Endeavour Way, London SW19 8UH (081-946 2223).

Purified water delivered across London and the Home Counties in 19-litre bottles.

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The Graduate Agency

English Gardening School, 66 Royal Hospital Road, London SW3 4HS (071-352 4347).

Agency undertakes commissions from designing window-boxes to the planning of whole gardens.

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73 Brook Green, London W6 7BE (071-603 3910).

Covers central London.

Sunbright Window Cleaning

56 Oakhill Crescent, Woodford Green, Essex IG8 9PN (081-527 7879).

Covers central London.

WINE DELIVERIES

Berry Bros & Rudd

3 St James's Street, London SW1A 1EG (071-839 9033).

Free nation-wide delivery for minimum of one case of wine. Glass hire rates £3.30 for 30—no need to wash them afterwards.

Davisons

674 Fulham Road, London SW6 5RY (071-736 3892).

Free delivery of cases of wine, beer and spirits within M25 area. Can supply glasses and ice.

Majestic Wine

(for nearest branch call 0727 847912). Low-cost wines by the case; free same-day local deliveries.



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REIGNING

*NEW PETS SHOULD
NOT BE INTRODUCED
AT CHRISTMAS
BUT IT IS OFTEN AT
THIS TIME OF
YEAR THAT FAMILIES
BEGIN TO THINK
SERIOUSLY OF THE
IDEA. BRUCE
FOGLE CONSIDERS
SOME OF THE TOP
CATS AND DOGS THAT
MOST APPEAL.
PHOTOGRAPH BY
STEVE SHIPMAN.*

Three high-born pets:
Alice, a British blue,
Simon, a foreign white,
and Julie, a Cavalier
King Charles spaniel.

CATS AND DOGS



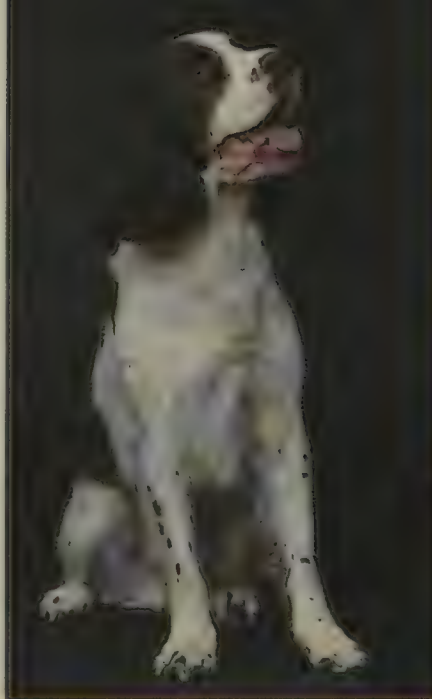
It is a curious fact: at any given time half of all the homes in these islands, in addition to their human occupants, house small, furry, sharp-toothed carnivores. What is even stranger is that we give these meat-eaters, descendants of animals that historically ate us, friendly names such as Ben and Sally. And at this very moment millions of sensible Britons are pondering what to give these animals for Christmas or whether to house even more of them. We are, it would seem, a bizarre nation.

But wait a minute. Recent statistics show that we are no stranger than many others. On the floors, sofas and beds of 29 per cent of British households live Labradors, West Highland white terriers and their canine colleagues of varying size, temperament and trainability. The Danes, Portuguese and Canadians keep just as many. The French, Belgians, Irish and Americans keep even more. Until recently Australians, 40 per cent of whom keep dogs, were the world's acknowledged supreme dogaholics, but when the Iron Curtain was pulled back and Western market researchers invaded Eastern Europe, they were knocked down with feathers to discover that 45 per cent of Czech homes, 48 per cent of Hungarian households and 50 per cent of Polish families kept dogs.

Cats too: with 21 per cent of households keeping cats, Britons are ahead of Slovaks, Finns and Croatians, but behind Slovenians and Swedes. The Austrians, Swiss, French and Benelux folk have around 25 per cent, while Americans and Australians come in at about 32 per cent. The world's number one cat-owners are the Poles with a remarkable 37 per cent.

Now here is a difference. In other countries lots of kittens and puppies will be given as Christmas gifts and a month or so later will find themselves either kicked out and wandering alone or in animal shelters waiting to be put down. Not so here. The National Canine Defence League's slogan, "A pet is for life, not just for Christmas", has been so successful that most thinking people genuinely deliberate before giving a cat or dog as Christmas gifts.

Should you ever give a puppy or kitten as a Christmas gift? Before I answer that I had better lay my cats and dogs on the table. I like 'em. Even with a house full of kids and their friends, I find dogs and cats satisfy some irrational but primitive need and I don't think I am unique. When we fill our homes with plants and animals we are really bringing the outdoors indoors. Without getting too ethereal, we are importing our past. It is no more complicated than that. We evolved



The English springer spaniel, above, a typically amenable gundog; above right, the Maine coon tabby, one of the flavour-of-the month breed of cats; right, a harlequin Great Dane, a giant breed but adaptable to city life. Facing page, a lilac Burmese, a cocker spaniel, a West Highland white terrier and a chinchilla. All can satisfy some irrational but primitive need in their owners.



as a species that lived surrounded by plants and animals and today, whether we live in a town-centre block of flats or in a country cottage, we feel better when surrounded by living things.

Plants are nice to have around but, unless you are the Prince of Wales, you may find them not too responsive. Dogs and cats on the other hand give pleasure (and pain), affection (and spite), show

WHAT TYPE OF PET IS BEST FOR YOU DEPENDS ON WHICH EMOTIONS YOU WANT TO STIMULATE

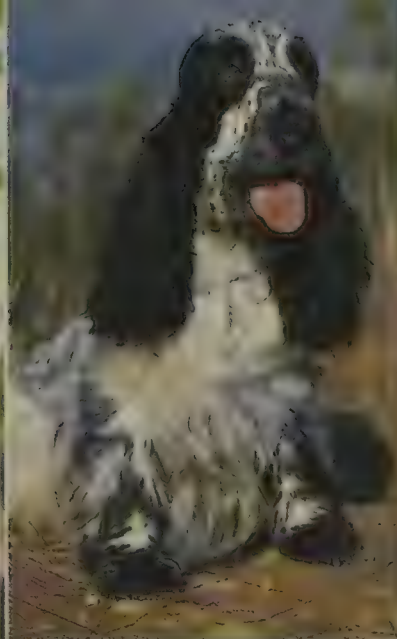
gratitude (and superciliousness). In a nutshell they stimulate our emotions. What type of pet is best for you depends on which emotions you want to stimulate. Whether Christmas is the right time to make this kind of decision is questionable, but if the entire family agrees beforehand that introducing a pet is a good way to finish this year and begin the next 15, and if the new pup or kitten is introduced when there are no Christmas Day distractions, then it has got

to be a perfectly reasonable proposition.

So, first question. Are you a cat person or a dog person? If I may simplify, dog people want to be in control, cat people are life's observers. From what I see in veterinary practice, however, the difference is not that cut and dried. Certainly in London there are multitudes of cat-owners who are really closet dog-lovers restricted from keeping the species of their choice because of their life-styles.

In an evolutionary sense, cats are in transition from independent, lone hunters to more gregarious creatures. This is especially true of the foreign cats, the Siamese, Burmese, Tonkinese and their relatives. These felines become almost dog-like with owners. They greet you at the door, vocally demand attention, ask you to play games and try to control your life. A pleasant fact is that their life expectancy is greater than that of other cats, certainly in excess of 15 years—not infrequently up to 20. A less pleasant aspect of the foreign cat's personality is that they tend to dislike other cats.

At the opposite end of the feline spectrum are the longhairs or Persians. These are the least demonstrative: stoic statues, fashion-pieces with Prozac for



blood. True, there are thug Persians, but as a general rule these are most amenable cats.

Flavour-of-the-month breed? There is no doubt about it. The Maine coon is now the second most popular breed in the United States—after the Persian—and well on its way to that position in Britain too. Quite right. This is a breed with which a man is proud to be seen in public. As long as a dachshund and as heavy as a small gundog, with the profile of a Roman patrician and the coat of a mountain lion, Maine coons are near perfect (if I exaggerate it is because I have been owned by one). Its miaow is stridently Siamese but with more basso profundo. Its happy chirp when life is good is unique in catdom. When 15 lb of chirping cat lands on your chest at 6am, you open your eyes and see perfection staring you in the face and know what contentment really is.

This scenario may not appeal to the dog aficionado. If that is you, then your first consideration simply must be whether you can provide a dog with both the physical and mental stimulation it needs. Size is a consideration in terms of running costs and sheer bulk in a small

home but, contrary to popular myth, is not necessarily an important factor in the city/country debate. Giant breeds such as Great Danes and Bernese mountain dogs lead enjoyable lives in cities provided there are parks near by (your major consideration is whether you have a steam shovel on permanent hire to clean up after them). Smaller working-breeds may find city life restricting.

FEMALES DO NOT INDULGE IN THE MALE'S BIOLOGICALLY NECESSARY SHOWING-OFF

Dogs have been bred for a variety of reasons and, although their primary function today is companionship, each pure-bred carries in its core the habits of 1,000 generations. Racing dogs run like the wind, guardians guard, herders herd, heelers nip, terriers dig, gundogs obey. If you plan to get a pure-bred, remember for what task the animal was originally bred.

Another bias of mine is a preference for gundogs and their descendants.

Spaniels, setters, pointers and especially retrievers like the Labrador, golden retriever, French Brittany and German Munsterlander—all are amenable dogs, delighted to follow our instructions no matter how curious they may be. I have lived with terriers and like their intensity. I respect the aura of authority that surrounds a historic guarding breed such as the Hungarian komondor. I am fascinated by the apparent logic in the mind of a working collie as it instinctively herds. The humorous arrogance of the Pekingese, affection of the Cavalier King Charles spaniel, amazing speed of the Italian greyhound, each has its own attraction.

But gundogs combine all that is attractive about dogs with a willingness to fit in, to be part of the family. Females in particular do not indulge in the male's biologically necessary showing-off. They do not constantly have to cock their legs, raise their hackles and in other ways prove themselves to the ladies. Perfect companions are females, responsive, considerate, affectionate but, when needed, as protective as the most muscular males. I'm talking dogs but maybe this applies to other species too □

ST JAMES'S HAND

FRANCIS CHEETHAM DESCRIBES HOW A RELIC ATTRIBUTED TO ONE OF THE DISCIPLES OF JESUS RESTS IN A SMALL ENGLISH CHURCH.

It was on a tour to Santiago de Compostela, in Spain, that I first heard about the hand. A member of my group told me that it was in a little English church by the Thames. Strange though it may seem, what could be the left hand of the apostle St James the Greater is just over an hour's drive from central London. Since my tour I have seen the hard, leathery fingers, twisted together as if in agony, and the dried tendons hanging from the severed wrist like string. The metacarpal bones, those between the wrist and the fingers, are missing. The mummified hand is fascinating yet forbidding.

During the Middle Ages the English were greatly devoted to St James, whose shrine at Compostela drew pilgrims in their thousands from all over western Europe. According to tradition, James was the apostle who evangelised Spain. On January 2, AD40, James saw an apparition of the Virgin on a pillar of jasper in what is now Saragossa. Today a basilica stands around that pillar, which has led countless Spanish parents to christen their daughters Pilar.

James returned to Jerusalem where, the Acts of the Apostles record, Herod Agrippa had him executed by the sword. Legend recounts that, knowing of his great love of Spain, two of James's disciples collected the body and his severed head and took them by boat around the Iberian peninsula, landing at the Bay of Padrón in the north-western province of Galicia. They buried James in a stone coffin a few miles inland, and later were themselves buried in the same place.

The Christianisation of Hispania continued during the Roman Empire, but tumultuous times lay ahead. Invasions from the north by the Suevi, the Vandals and the Visigoths brought down Roman Spain. In 711 the Muslims swept over the Straits of Gibraltar. Within a few years they had occupied the whole of the peninsula and advanced over the Pyrenees until they were halted north of Poitiers in 732. For Christian Europe it was a close-run thing. Step by step, the Christians in the Cantabrian Mountains of northern Spain grouped together and fought back. They were soon to acquire a powerful and supernatural ally.

In about AD830 a hermit told Bishop



BRIDGEMAN ART LIBRARY



Theodomir of Iria Flavia, in Galicia, that a stone tomb had been discovered containing three bodies. The bishop became convinced that it was that of James and his disciples. Alfonso II, king of the Asturias, visited the tomb and had a small church built over it. Gradually the fame of the newly established shrine of Santiago de Compostela grew. It gained impetus in the Battle of Clavijo, in 844, during which James appeared on a white horse holding, in his left hand, a banner bearing a red cross and, in the other, a flaming sword. The Christian army won a great victory and from then on James appeared at many battles between them and the Moors, giving the Christians immense psychological

advantage in the early stage of the reconquest of Spain. He became known as "Santiago Matamoros" (St James, the killer of Moors), and to this day images of him on his white charger trampling terrified Muslims and striking off their heads with his sword can be seen in many Spanish churches.

Pilgrims began to make the long journey from France through northern Spain to pay homage at the shrine, which came to be regarded as the third most important in Christendom, after Jerusalem and Rome. The "French Road" became well established in the 11th and 12th centuries, and from the heart of Burgundy the great Benedictine abbey of Cluny set about establishing churches and hostels along the route. Even pilgrims from far-off England made the journey.

In 1133 the Empress Matilda, widow of the Holy Roman Emperor and daughter of King Henry I of England, presented the hand of James to her father. Henry, who had founded Reading Abbey in 1121, appointed the abbot there to be custodian of England's most venerable relic. His letter tells the story: "Henry King of England and Duke of Normandy to the Abbot and Convent of Reading, greetings: Know ye that the glorious hand of the blessed James the apostle which the Empress Matilda, my daughter, gave me on her return from Germany, I, at her request, send to you and grant forever to the Church of Reading. I command you, therefore, to receive it with all veneration, and that you and your successors take care to show it in the Church of Reading all possible honour and reverence, as is due to so important a relic of so great an apostle."

But how did Matilda gain possession of this priceless relic? There are two explanations. Either she was given it when as widow of the emperor she made a pilgrimage to Santiago de Compostela in about 1125. Alternatively, the hand

GIRARDON/BRIDGEMAN ART LIBRARY

ST JAMES THE GREATER, DEPICTED BY RUBENS, TOP, AND BY BOSCH, OPPOSITE, WAS BURIED AT COMPOSTELA. IT IS POSSIBLE THAT THE DISCIPLE'S LEFT HAND IS THE RELIC, ABOVE, HELD IN THE CHURCH AT MARLOW.



had become part of the treasure of the Holy Roman Emperors through Adalbert, archbishop of Hamburg-Bremen, who was said to have been given it in 1046 by the bishop of Torcello in Italy, where it had been since about 640. Whatever the true source, there is no doubt that the relic was regarded as the authentic hand of the apostle.

At Reading Abbey the hand attracted many pilgrims, and miracles were recorded. The largest number of cures resulted from drinking the "water of St James" into which the reliquary containing the hand had been dipped. One pilgrim had a head tumour cured by binding it in a cloth moistened with the liquid, after the reliquary had been passed over his head in the sign of the Cross. Care had to be taken about making rash vows to visit Reading in gratitude for a cure. One young man was so close to death that his father made a promise for him, and the son's broken arm healed; but when the lad failed to visit the hand, he broke his other arm.

Many English pilgrims were not content merely to visit the hand's shrine at Reading. They journeyed to Compostela to visit the major shrine of James along the well established routes. Chaucer in his *Canterbury Tales* relates how the Wife of Bath went "In Galice at Seint Jame". One important route began in rue St-Jacques in Paris, the starting point for two months of hard walking to north-west Spain. Others took an easier way—easier, that is, if the weather was kind. They travelled by ship from English ports either to Bordeaux or direct to Corunna.

A priest called William Way made the pilgrimage from Plymouth in 1456 and compiled a guide book, *Information for Pilgrims*. In the same year Robert Sturmy, a merchant in Bristol, was granted a licence to carry up to 60 pilgrims to Compostela in his ship, the *Katherine Sturmy*. That year, too, John Goodyear, an Isle of Wight priest, travelled to Compostela. When he arrived he presented to the cathedral an English alabaster altarpiece that survives largely intact. The altarpiece illustrates James's life and was almost certainly specially carved for the occasion. What impelled Goodyear to make this generous gift? Was it simple devotion to the apostle? Was it expiation for some sin committed? Or was it thanks for a miraculous cure? We shall never know.

English alabaster carvers working in

the Midlands produced a number of images of James. A particularly attractive carving now in the Victoria and Albert Museum shows the barefooted saint as a pilgrim, perhaps walking to his own shrine! He has a staff in his right hand and a tasselled satchel ornamented with a scallop shell hanging from his side. His hat is decorated with a similar shell, and his robe is adorned with six whelk shells. The scallop shell emblem came to be identified with James because Compostela is not far

*THE ALABASTER CARVING, BELOW, SHOWS THE APOSTLE
WITH TRADITIONAL PILGRIM'S ACCOUTREMENTS.
OPPOSITE, JAMES WAS EXECUTED IN JERUSALEM IN ABOUT
AD44; VISIONS OF HIM ON A WHITE CHARGER, AS
DEPICTED BY TIEPOLO, GAVE CHRISTIANS A PSYCHOLOGICAL
ADVANTAGE IN BATTLES AGAINST THE MOORS.*



from the coast where these shells abound; to this day the souvenir shops near the cathedral sell them to pilgrims. The coat of arms of the abbey at Reading incorporated three golden scallop shells on a blue ground.

After the Reformation not all Englishmen were so well disposed towards the shrine at Compostela. Sir Francis Drake regarded the shrine as a stronghold of "pernicious superstition" and in 1589 sailed with an army of 14,000 to Galicia to destroy it. Happily he did not succeed. Such action would not only have been a blow against "superstition" but would have dealt a serious wound to Spanish morale. The English forces attacked the northern coast of Spain repeatedly in the

early 1700s. It was probably at this time that the ecclesiastical authorities in Compostela felt that James's remains were at risk, and the bones were secretly hidden in the cathedral. Extraordinary as it may seem, this new resting-place was unrecorded and subsequently forgotten and it was not until 1879 that the archbishop of Compostela authorised two canons to try to find them. After four nights of excavation between the high altar and the inner wall of the ambulatory, the workmen were exultant to discover the bones of the apostle and his two disciples in a coffer made of stone and brick. In 1884 an ecclesiastical report was published giving details of the remains: 78 bones and 276 fragments.

The history of the shrine at Reading was not so joyous. As citizens went about their business in November, 1539, the sight of three corpses hanging in public was a reminder of King Henry VIII's brutal suppression of the abbey. The bodies were those of Abbot Hugh Faringdon and two priests, John Rugg and John Eyon. In September, 1538, one of the king's officials, Dr John London, had locked the abbey's relics, including the "St James Hand", behind the altar in custody to await eventual destruction. The abbey buildings were subsequently razed to the ground.

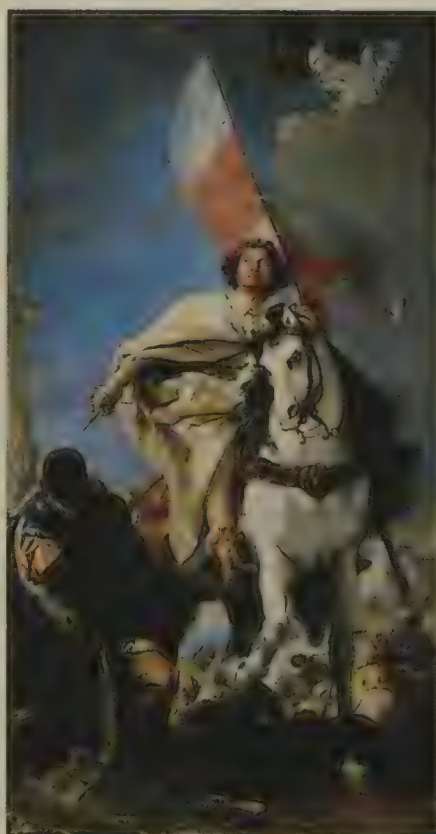
Some 250 years later, in October, 1786, workmen preparing the foundations of Reading gaol were excavating soil and rubble at the eastern end of what had been the abbey when they came across an ancient iron chest sealed in the wall. Inside was a mummified left hand.

The relic came into the possession of a Dr Blenkinsop, of Reading, who gave it to a Dr Hooper, who presented it to the

museum of the Reading Philosophical Institution. In 1852 Lewis Mackenzie, a Roman Catholic, offered to buy the hand, but after prolonged negotiations, and having agreed a figure of 50 guineas, the museum's trustees decided they had no power to sell. However, within two years the museum was disbanded and the contents restored to their original owners. In 1855 the relic was bought by Mrs Lucy Blount, on behalf of Mackenzie, for £30. Mackenzie died in 1856 and the hand passed into the possession of his brother who sold it to a fellow Catholic, Robert Scott Murray, for £30. The relic was kept in the Scott Murrays' private chapel at Danesfield and when the property was sold in 1896 the hand was donated to the small Roman Catholic church of St Peter, designed by Augustus Pugin, at nearby Marlow.

Meanwhile in 1852 Father John Morris SJ, a friend of Mackenzie, had written to the archbishop of Compostela to see whether there was any way of confirming the authenticity of the hand by comparing it with James's remains in Spain's national shrine but, as it would be 27 more years before the apostle's remains were found, this line of inquiry was closed. As soon as he heard of the rediscovery of the remains in 1879, Morris again wrote to Compostela, only to be told that further investigation was needed. He travelled to Compostela and in 1882 said he was satisfied that the apostle's left hand was indeed missing.

It is not clear how he arrived at this conclusion because by the time of his visit the remains had been reinterred in a sealed urn. But the 1884 ecclesiastical report on the remains stated that one metacarpal bone of the left side of all three individuals was present. It will be



VERMUES/ETI/MUSEUM BUDAPEST

recalled that all the metacarpal bones of the hand at Marlow are missing.

Ever since coming into the possession of the church in Marlow the relic has been treated with some caution. It has not been exposed for veneration and is kept locked in a metal and glass casket in the sacristy. The complicated history of the hand makes such prudence sensible. Can it really be the hand of St James?

Given the tradition that James evangelised Spain, and with the shrine in Saragossa reputedly dating from AD40, it is not unreasonable to believe that his disciples took his martyred body back to

that country after his death in about AD44, although it could be argued that it would have been more probable for it to have been taken ashore on the Mediterranean coast rather than the Atlantic coast of distant Galicia. However, if the body, with those of the two disciples, was interred in Galicia, the place of burial could have been lost during the traumatic centuries of the collapse of the Roman Empire and the Muslim invasion.

The remains authenticated by Bishop Theodomir in about AD830 could have been those of the three bodies buried there nearly 800 years earlier. Later, in about 1125, it is quite conceivable that the Empress Matilda was given the hand when as a young widow she went on pilgrimage to Compostela. Certainly the hand of St James was regarded as the major treasure of the abbey of Reading and it was responsible for a number of recorded miraculous cures. Before his execution, in 1539, Abbot Hugh Faringdon might well have hidden this great relic. There remains the possibility that it was that of some other person, for example the obscure St Anastasius whose hand was also in the abbey's possession. However, on balance, it seems likely that the object discovered in 1786 carefully hidden in an iron chest was the most important relic that the abbey possessed, namely the hand of James.

What of the scientific evidence? In 1960 the hand was X-rayed and a leading surgeon said it was undoubtedly that of a mature male. In the same year a request made to the British Museum for the hand to be radiocarbon-tested to establish its age was rejected. Perhaps now is the time to try again, to verify whether the hand of St James the apostle is indeed here in England □

FOOD AND THE FAMOUS

PAST CELEBRITIES ATE TO LIVE, BUT HAD SOME FUNNY WAYS OF DOING IT. THESE QUOTES COME FROM A NEW AMERICAN COMPENDIUM ON THE SUBJECT.

AGE IS NOT
IMPORTANT UNLESS
YOU ARE A CHEESE.

HELEN HAYES
1900-1993

I THOUGHT I HAD
NOT YET DINED. I SEE
I WAS MISTAKEN.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON
1642-1727

I FEEL AS IF I
HAD SWALLOWED
A SMALL BABY.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE
THACKERAY
1811-1863
(ON EATING AN OYSTER)



I AM LIVING PROOF
THAT NEITHER FISH, FLESH
OR FOWL IS INDISPENSABLE
TO SUCCESS IN LIFE AND
LITERATURE.

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW
1856-1950

WAITRESS!
DO YOU
HAVE FROG'S
LEGS?

I DON'T
THINK SO.

THAT'S THE WRONG ANSWER,
YOU SHOULD HAVE SAID
'NO, IT'S MY RHEUMATISM
MAKES ME WALK THIS WAY'.

GROUCHO (JULIUS) MARX
1890-1977

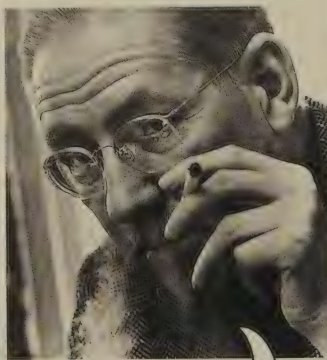


GENERAL DOUGLAS MACARTHUR (1880-1964) was in command of the 14th Brigade of the Rainbow Division in France during the First World War when he noted in his diary:

"Found a little patched-up inn in the village of Bulson, located at the foot of the heights, and asked for a meal. Proprietor had nothing but potatoes but what a feast he laid before me. Served them in five different courses—potato soup, potato fricassée, potatoes creamed, potato salad and I finished with potato pie. It may have been because I hadn't eaten for 36 hours, but that meal seems about the best I have ever had. Gave the proprietor 10 dollars and told him in my broken French he was a genius. He just about wept with delight."

GEORGE WASHINGTON (1732-99) WAS BLISSFULLY UNAWARE OF THE HAZARDS OF CHOLESTEROL WHEN HE ENJOYED ONE OF HIS FAVOURITE MEALS, WHICH CONSISTED OF FOUR OMELETTES OF FOUR EGGS EACH, SERVED OVERLAPPING ON A SINGLE DISH: ONE MADE WITH APPLES, THE SECOND WITH ASPARAGUS OR SORREL, THE THIRD WITH FINE HERBS, AND THE FOURTH AU NATUREL.

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN (1770-1827) was fond of macaroni and cheese, herring, and especially coffee, for which he had a ritual that he followed religiously: he would count out 60 beans for each cup and, most particularly when he had visitors, would frequently count them twice. (Research shows that grounds from 60 coffee beans equal one heaped tablespoonful.)



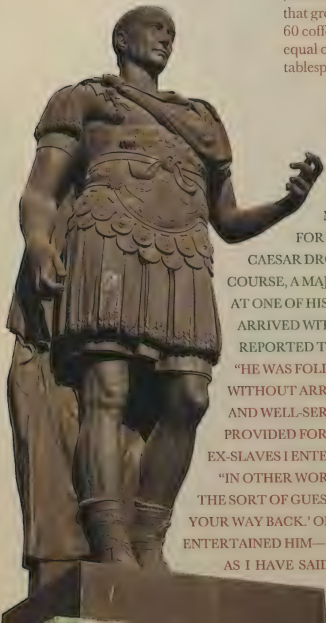
"CELERY, RAW, DEVELOPS THE JAW, BUT CELERY, STEWED, IS MORE EASILY CHEWED."

ODGEN NASH
1902-1971

JULIUS CAESAR (100-44 BC) LIVED IN AN ERA THAT HAS A MIXED REPUTATION FOR EATING HABITS. TO HAVE CAESAR DROP IN FOR DINNER WAS, OF

COURSE, A MAJOR EVENT. CICERO HAD THIS EXPERIENCE AT ONE OF HIS COUNTRY VILLAS ON DECEMBER 19, 45 BC, WHEN CAESAR ARRIVED WITH 2,000 MEN. CICERO COPEd WITH THE SITUATION AND REPORTED THE RESULTS AND HIS REACTION IN A LETTER TO ATTICUS: "HE WAS FOLLOWING A COURSE OF EMETICS, SO HE ATE AND DRANK WITHOUT ARRIERE-PENSEE AND AT HIS EASE. IT WAS A SUMPTUOUS DINNER AND WELL-SERVED... HIS ENTOURAGE WERE VERY LAVISHLY PROVIDED FOR IN THREE OTHER ROOMS. EVEN THE LOWER-RANKING EX-SLAVES I ENTERTAINED IN STYLE.

"IN OTHER WORDS WE WERE HUMAN BEINGS TOGETHER STILL. HE WAS NOT THE SORT OF GUEST TO WHOM YOU WOULD SAY: 'DO PLEASE COME AGAIN ON YOUR WAY BACK.' ONCE IS ENOUGH!... THERE YOU HAVE THE STORY OF HOW I ENTERTAINED HIM—OR HAD HIM BILLETED ON ME; I FOUND IT A BOTHER, AS I HAVE SAID, BUT NOT DISAGREEABLE."



OLIVER HARDY
WILL ROGERS
1879-1935

OLIVER HARDY (1892-1957) HAD A GREAT APPETITE AND WEIGHED 250 POUNDS WHEN HE WAS 14. ONCE HE RAN AWAY FROM MILITARY SCHOOL BECAUSE, HE SAID, THEY DID NOT FEED HIM ENOUGH. HE REFUSED TO RETURN UNTIL HIS MOTHER MADE HIM 20 BAKING-POWDER BISCUITS, WHICH HE ATE AT ONE SITTING.

JOHANNES BRAHMS (1833-97) helped support his family by playing dance music in waterfront bars in Hamburg, where bartenders piled him with drinks to keep him awake. He loved food and said that the main melody of his Third Symphony was inspired by a meal of fresh asparagus and champagne. His table manners, however, left something to be desired. He would eat sardines for breakfast and drink the oil directly from the tin.

"SOME GUY INVENTED VITAMIN A OUT OF A CARROT. I'LL BET HE CAN'T INVENT A GOOD MEAL OUT OF ONE."

CARY GRANT (1904-86) was frugal to the point of stinginess. His reputation for being miserly and over-zealous about getting value for his money was affirmed when an incident, known as the "Affair of the English muffins", was reported in *Cary Grant: A Touch of Class*, by Warren G. Harris.

The story is that for years Grant had used the Plaza Hotel as his New York headquarters and his breakfast always included English muffins split in half and toasted. One morning he found three halves instead of four in the muffin warmer. Immediately he called room service and demanded to know why he was being charged for English muffins (emphasising the plural), which he presumed to be two—or four halves and was sent only three halves. Room service had no explanation, the assistant manager, too, was at a loss and so was the hotel's managing director.

Undaunted, Grant went to the top and called the owner of the Plaza, Conrad Hilton, in Beverly Hills but was told that Hilton was in Istanbul. Grant finally reached Hilton in Turkey and received an answer to his question. A hotel efficiency expert had discovered that most people ate only three halves of their English muffins and the fourth half was usually discarded. The Plaza kitchen staff had been instructed that an order of English muffins was to consist of three halves and the fourth half was to be set aside to be used for eggs benedict at luncheon.

□ These extracts are taken from *The Night 2,000 Men Came to Dinner and other appetising anecdotes* by Douglas G. Meldrum, published in New York by Charles Scribner at \$16.95.

CLARK GABLE (1901-60) HAD TO LOSE WEIGHT BEFORE HE WAS ABLE TO SIGN A CONTRACT FOR HIS LAST FILM, *THE MISFITS*, NOT ONLY TO BE PHOTOGENIC BUT TO BE INSURABLE. HE WENT ON A CRASH DIET OF STEAK, TOMATOES AND COTTAGE CHEESE, AND DROPPED FROM 230 POUNDS TO 195. EVEN SO, HE FLUNKED THE INSURANCE TEST TWICE, AND WAS ABLE TO PASS ONLY AFTER STAYING IN BED FOR TWO DAYS TO LOWER HIS BLOOD PRESSURE.

RUDOLF HESS (1894-1987) was serving his sentence in Spandau prison when a fellow prisoner, Albert Speer, noted in his diary: "Today at breakfast Schirach and Hess refused to eat their eggs because the shells were cracked. They demand replacements, which amazingly enough are provided. In response to my question as to what the fuss is all about, Hess informs me: 'Water on the inside of eggs is unhygienic. Think of all the people who may have handled the egg. Then all that permeates through the crack in the egg, enters the stomach when consumed, and naturally has devastating effects. Now do you understand?'"

"I nod, at once grateful and intimidated. At noon Long whispers to me behind his hand that the rejected eggs are served in chopped egg salad—which Schirach and Hess devour with pleasure."



CLARK GABLE



BARBADOS BEYOND THE BEACHES

EVERYONE KNOWS OF ITS SUN, SAND AND SEA, BUT THE ISLAND'S TRUE HERITAGE LIES ELSEWHERE, AS JAMES BISHOP DISCOVERED WHEN HE VENTURED INTO THE INTERIOR.

Everyone knows a bit about Barbados. The brilliant blue water, blazing beaches, scorching sun, dazzling white coral and the relaxed life-style of the Bajans feature in every rave report on the holiday attractions of this enchanting island. The superlatives are all justified, but there are other dimensions to Barbados, as those with limited capacity for the pleasures of the beach and water sports should quickly discover.

To find them requires a venture into

the interior but, as the island is little more than 20 miles across and not much bigger overall than the Isle of Wight, the journey is hardly hazardous. The intrepid might try catching a bus or even walking; the trepid will probably hire a car or mini-moke. What they will all see is an awful lot of sugar and, behind the cane fields, the history and traditions of its production.

It is sugar that made Barbados. Once occupied by Arawak and Carib Amerindians, the island was visited briefly by the Portuguese, who gave it

the name of Los Barbados—the “bearded ones”, probably inspired by the bearded fig trees lining the shores. English explorers claimed the island for King James I in 1625, and two years later the first permanent settlers arrived. Prosperity quickly followed the introduction of sugar cane in 1637 and the subsequent development from the production of rum to the crystallisation and refinement of the juice of the cane. The population (slaves as well as planters and their families) grew, and so did land values—almost at the pace of the rampant cane itself. Barbados enjoyed a boom whose traces are still to be seen in the remaining great sugar estates and the grand plantation houses, and in the chattel houses and slave huts that surrounded and supported them.

These are among the real treasures of Barbados, many of them well-preserved reminders of the island's heritage and most of them easily visited, whether they are in private ownership or in the care of the Barbados National Trust.

Proudest of the island's historic houses is St Nicholas Abbey, which was never in fact an abbey but is early- to mid-17th century in origin and believed to be one of only three Jacobean-style houses to have survived in the western hemisphere; one of the others is in Virginia and the third, Drax Hall, is also in Barbados, though not normally open to the public (the member of the Drax family who owns it today lives in Dorset).

The St Nicholas plantation was owned by Benjamin Berringer, who was born in England and travelled to Barbados in the 1630s. He married Margaret, daughter of a local clergyman, became a member of the island's council and, in addition to his plantation, ran a property business in partnership with John Yeamans. Some time after Berringer built his house the two men quarrelled and there is evidence to suggest that Yeamans persuaded a third party to poison Berringer, whereupon Yeamans married Margaret and took up residence at St Nicholas. Later, having bent with the political wind from backing the Royalist cause to supporting the Roundheads and then the Cavaliers again, Yeamans was knighted by King Charles II and appointed Governor of South Carolina.

In the 19th century, when sugar was no longer such an economic sweetener, the St Nicholas plantation fell on hard times and was sold by the Chancery Court. It came into the hands of the Cave family and today you may find the present owner, Lieutenant-Colonel Stephen Cave, relaxing in the porch as you enter. From the outside the house is typically Jacobean, with curvilinear



OPPOSITE, CODINGS BAY BEACH, OFF COBBLERS' COVE HOTEL, ONE OF THE SERIES OF BEACHES ON THE CARIBBEAN COAST OF BARBADOS. ABOVE, THE MORGAN LEWIS SUGAR MILL, PART OF THE ISLAND'S HERITAGE. BELOW, BRIDGETOWN HARBOUR AND CAREENAGE.





planted during the era when, in Froude's words, sugar was "the horn of plenty".

One of the best-preserved classic Barbadian plantation houses is Sunbury, dating from the later 17th century and built with hurricane-proof walls, 2 feet 6 inches thick, made of flint and other hard stone not found in Barbados and so assumed to have been brought over from England as ballast in sailing ships. It is a plain house on two storeys constructed on top of deep cellars designed for storing yams and other root vegetables, its original porch having been replaced in the 1930s with a large verandah. There are some old jalousie windows and what Bajans call a fish-pond roof—a copper tank installed between the front and back roofs to collect rain water.

Inside the house are many relics of plantation days: Bajan mahogany couches, Berbice chairs, a huge dining-table of Barbados mahogany and, in the stairwell, a hanging basket in which used to be placed the pantry keys let down each morning by the mistress to her housekeeper. On the walls hang old prints and engravings, including several by *The Illustrated London News* artist Melton Prior and published in the magazine in the 1890s. In the cellars, and spreading out into the garden, is a collection of old carriages and other local vehicles, tools and artifacts, while at the back of the house the former kitchens have been turned into a bar and restaurant that spills into a courtyard rampant with flowers, as is every open space in this fecund island.

Dutch gables (and a Georgian portico added to the main entrance), but if the building looks familiar enough to English eyes, its setting of abundant bougainvillea, hibiscus and mango is pure Barbados. Although the island is never cold, with an average annual temperature only a fraction below 80° F, the house is fitted with fireplaces and chimneys, which Cave suggests might mean that it was designed for a colder climate.

Inside are some of the original beams, made of bullit wood and mastic, a combination so hard that termites have failed to make any impression during more than three centuries of concentrated endeavour. Another impressive feature is the ornate staircase in Chinese Chippendale style, dating from about 1740, with a grandfather clock standing on the turn, made by J. Thwaites of London in 1759 and still going strong. In one of the rooms there is an eminently practical Victorian-style reading-chair, complete with adjustable foot- and head-rests, reading-light, book-stand and drinks tray. Also preserved here is a roster of the plantation's slaves and a photograph of the last, who doubtless knew the words

of the folk song celebrating the emancipation of the island's slaves in 1838:

"De Queen come from England
To set we free;
Now lick an' lock-up done wid,
Hurrah fuh Jin-Jin."

Jin-Jin was the islanders' name for the young Queen Victoria, who had just come to the throne of England and the Empire, and was given the credit for the abolition of slavery.

A mile to the south of St Nicholas is the sad ruin of Farley Hill, now part of a national park but once the great house of Grenade Hall plantation. Built in the 19th century by one of the wealthiest Barbadians, Sir Graham Briggs, it was during his time the centre of lavish entertainment, described by the historian James Froude as a palace "with which Aladdin himself might have been satisfied". The house fell on bad times after Briggs's death but was briefly given a new lease of life for the 1957 film *Island in the Sun*. The interior was subsequently gutted by fire and only the bare walls still stand, though the surrounding parkland is pleasantly shaded by mahogany trees, cabbage palms and some rare species

In the adjoining parish of St George, close to Gun Hill signal station, stands Francia, an elegant plantation house still occupied as a family home within a working plantation for sugar cane and other tropical crops, such as eddoes and sweet potatoes. The graceful, late-19th-century building contains some fine furniture, but it is the setting, with magnificent views to the coast, and the tropical gardens bordered by woods full of monkeys, that stay in the mind.

The house also has a complete set of dripstones used by the ingenious Bajans for purifying and cooling water. Three stones were positioned one above the other, the top two carved from blocks of porous coral, the bottom one probably made of marble. Water was poured into the top basin and left to drip slowly through and into the second and thence into the bottom stone.

Many decorative constructions were fashioned to house these dripstones, some of stone, as at Francia, others in brick, as in the Barbados Museum in Bridgetown. Some were in Gothic style, others in fancy shapes like windmills. Many Barbadian dripstones were



OPPOSITE, ST. NICHOLAS ABBEY, A 17TH-CENTURY PLANTATION HOUSE, WHICH CONTRASTS WITH THE CHATEL HOUSE, A MOVABLE DWELLING BUILT FOR SUGAR WORKERS. ABOVE, YOUNG ISLANDERS RELAX ALONG THE BRIDGETOWN BEACHES. BELOW, THE RUGGED ATLANTIC COAST.

exported to other Caribbean islands.

For British visitors the island's best-known plantation house is likely to be Villa Nova, which for a time was owned by former prime minister Sir Anthony Eden. Built of coral stone in the 19th century, Villa Nova stands among landscaped gardens, 840 feet above sea level, in the eastern parish of St John. The house had to be rebuilt in 1834, after a hurricane three years earlier, and was then provided with walls 2 feet thick and surrounded by cool verandahs. It belonged originally to Edmund Haynes, who owned a sugar estate of some 1,000 acres, but was separated from the plantation in 1907, sold to the government and occupied for many years by the parochial medical officer. Villa Nova was later purchased by the Edens, who used it as their winter home for six years.

Francia and Villa Nova are the last of the old-style plantation houses. There are many other great houses dotted around the island, some of them, like Farley, in ruins and some used as offices or for other purposes. Any new grand edifice that may appear in Barbados will almost certainly be a hotel, even if built





in plantation-house style, like the enchanting Cobblers Cove hotel on the west coast, just south of Speightstown.

Three hundred years ago Speightstown (pronounced Spikestown) was a flourishing port, often called "Little Bristol" because of its busy sugar trade with the English port, but today it seems a forgotten place, its remaining old houses, classics of their kind with stylish first-floor Barbadian verandahs, looking neglected. Contemporary Bajan historian and minder of its treasures Henry S. Fraser has suggested how the town might be restored to prosperity by opening up its beautiful beach, rebuilding its jetty and repairing its houses.

The success of the sugar industry was not dependent solely, or even mainly, on the rich man in his great plantation house. There were slaves and, after emancipation, tenants who tended the crops and worked the factories. They, too, had their dwellings: at first slave

19TH-CENTURY VILLA NOVA, ONE OF THE LAST OF THE OLD-STYLE PLANTATION HOUSES.

huts, most of which have now gone, and later chattel houses, which remain a significant and colourful part of the island's heritage. As its name implies, the chattel house had to be capable of being easily dismantled, moved and reassembled at a new workplace. Their design and method of construction followed a standard pattern—wooden planks on a foundation of loose stones, a central door with a window either side, and a gabled and galvanised iron roof—but no two chattel houses looked alike. Windows, doors, shutters and the outside trim all

provided ample scope for Bajan ingenuity, and individuality was further expressed in paint of vivid and varied hues.

Today thousands of these chattel houses remain and can be seen in virtually every village in Barbados. Many have had bits added on—another unit or two at the back, perhaps, a kitchen on the side, a porch or verandah at the front—but they retain their charm and originality. An early example has been re-erected in the grounds of Tyrol Cot, the home of Sir Grantley Adams—former prime minister of Barbados and of the Federation of the West Indies—which has recently been acquired and is being restored by the Barbados National Trust. The chattel house is to be part of a 4-acre village dedicated to Barbadian arts and crafts, and Tyrol Cot should be open to the public next year.

In addition to its own properties, which include the Morgan Lewis sugar mill and the spectacular Andromeda Botanical Gardens, the Trust offers the Barbados Heritage Passport, providing a 50 per cent reduction in admission charges to 16 historical properties, and runs an "Open House" programme between January and April, when many outstanding private homes are opened to the public on Wednesday afternoons.

It is hard to tear oneself away from the sea in Barbados. Its soft and sparkling presence is the island's constant and most beguiling feature. But beyond the beaches and behind the clacking tongues of the acacias, the menacing manchineel trees (whose caustic fruit and dripping leaves can cause painful rashes) and the bountiful cane lie the keys to the island's history, its heritage, and to many more unexpected pleasures □

BARBADOS TRAVEL DETAILS & ATTRACTIONS

Andromeda Botanical Gardens, St Joseph; tel: (809) 433 9261. Open daily 9am-5pm, admission B\$10.

Barbados Museum, Garrison Savannah, Bridgetown; tel: (809) 427 0201. Open Mon-Sat 9am-5pm, admission B\$10.

Farley Hill House, St Peter; tel: (809) 422 3555. Open 8.30am-6pm, admission B\$3 per vehicle.

Francia Plantation House, St George; tel: (809) 429 0414. Open Mon-Fri 10am-4pm, admission B\$6.

Morgan Lewis Windmill, St Andrew; tel: (809) 422 9222. Open Mon-Fri 9am-5pm, admission B\$5.

St Nicholas Abbey, St Peter; tel: (809) 422 8725. Open Mon-Fri 10am-3.30pm, admission B\$5.



Cobblers Cove Hotel, St Peter; tel: (809) 422 2291; fax: (809) 422 1460. To book in the UK call Morris Kevan International 081-367 5175; fax 081-367 9949.

Sunbury Plantation House, St Philip; tel: (809) 423 6270. Open daily 10am-5pm, admission B\$8.

Villa Nova, St John; tel: (809) 433 1524. Open Mon-Fri 9am-4pm, admission B\$8

Barbados National Trust, Ronald Tree House, Tenth Avenue, Belleville, St Michael; tel: (809) 426 2421; fax: (809) 429 9055. Open House admission B\$12, Heritage Passport US\$25.

Barbados Board of Tourism, 263 Tottenham Court Road, London W1P 9AA; tel: 071-636 9448.

British Airways, Gatwick Airport, West Sussex RH6 0FH; tel: 0293 666545 British Airways operates four services a week to Barbados on Wed, Fri, Sat and Sun, from London Gatwick using Boeing 747 aircraft. Fares: First class, £3,560 return; Club World £1,716 return; World Traveller 21-day APEX Oct 1-Dec 5, Dec 25-Mar 31 £699 return, Dec 6-Dec 24 £820 return. Reservations: 0345 222 111. British Airways Holidays from £568 for a week at the Sea Breeze hotel. Prices include flights, accommodation and transfers. Reservations: 0293 617000.



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THE CARER

A SHORT STORY

The house and the people were new to her. They had given her a key, as most did. Angela had a cat to feed and a rubber plant to water. These tasks done, she went upstairs, feeling excited, and into the bedroom where she supposed they slept. They had left it very tidy, the bed made, with the covers drawn tight, everything on the dressing-table neatly arranged. She opened the cupboards and had a look at their clothes. Then she examined the contents of the dressing-table drawers: a box of jewellery, scarves, handkerchiefs that no one used any more. Another drawer was full of face creams and cosmetics. In the last one was a bundle of letters, tied up with pink ribbon. Angela untied the ribbon and read the letters, which were from Nigel to Maria, the people who lived here, love-letters written

before they were married and full of endearments, pet names and promises of what he would do to her next time they met and how he expected she would respond. She read them again before tying the ribbon round them and putting them back. Letters were a treat, she rarely came upon any in her explorations of other people's houses. Letters, like many other things, had gone out of fashion. She



BY RUTH RENDELL

went downstairs, repeating under her breath some of the phrases Nigel had written, and savouring them.

In the street where she lived Angela was much in demand as baby-sitter, dog-walker, cat-feeder and general carer. Her clients, as she called them, thought her absolutely reliable and trustworthy. No one had ever suspected that she explored their houses while alone in them. After all, it had never occurred to Peter and Louise to place hairs across drawer handles; Elizabeth would hardly have known how to examine objects for fingerprints; Miriam and George were not observant people. Besides, they trusted her.

Angela lived alone in the house that had been her parents' and spent one weekend a month staying with her aunt in the Cotswolds, and while there she went to the Methodist church on Sunday. She had a job in the bank half a mile away. Once a year she and another single woman she had met at work went to Torquay or Bournemouth for a fortnight's holiday. She had never been out with a man, she never met any men except the ones in the street who were married or living with a partner. She had no real friends. She knitted, she read a lot, she slept 10 hours a night.

Sometimes she asked herself how she had come to this way of living, why had her life not followed the pattern of other women's, why had it been without adventure or even event, but she could answer only that this was the way it had happened. Gradually it had happened without her seeing an alternative or knowing how to stop its inexorable progress to what it had become. Until, that is,

Humphrey asked her to feed the cat while he was away and from that beginning she built up her business.

She had keys to 11 houses. Caring for them, for their owners' children, elderly parents, pets and plants, had become her only paid employment, for, thankful to do so at last, she had given up her job. At first, performing these tasks punctually and efficiently had been enough, the gratitude she received and the payment. She liked her neighbours' dependence on her. She had become indispensable and that gave her pleasure.

But after a time she had grown restless, sitting in John and Julia's living-room with a sleeping baby upstairs. She had felt frustrated as she locked Humphrey's door and went home after feeding the cat. There should be something more, though more what? One night, when Diana's baby cried and she had been in to quieten it, her footsteps, as if

independently of her will, took her along the passage into its parents' bedroom. And so it began.

The contents of cupboards and drawers, the bank statements and bills, Louise's diary that was her most prized find, Ken's certificates, Miriam's diplomas, Peter's prospectuses, Diana's holiday snapshots, all this showed her what life was. That it was the life of other people and not hers did not much trouble her. It educated her. Searching for it, finding new aspects of it, additions to what had been examined and learned before, was something to look forward to. There had not been much looking forward in her existence, or much looking back, come to that.

The neighbour who had written the love-letters had recently moved into the house four doors down. She was recommended to him and his wife by Rose and Ken next door.

"If you'd like to let me have a key,"





Angela had said, "it will be quite safe with me." She made the little joke she always made. "I keep all the keys under lock and key."

"We're away quite a lot," said Maria; and Nigel said, "It would be a load off our minds if we could rely on you to feed Absalom."

When her business first started Angela conducted her investigations of other people's property only when legitimately there with a duty to perform. But after a while she became bolder and would enter a house whenever the fancy took her. She would watch to see when her neighbours went out. Most of them were out at work all day anyway. It was true that all the keys were kept locked up. They were in a strong-box, each one labelled. Angela always asked for the back-door key. She said it was more convenient if there was a pet to be fed and perhaps exercised. What she didn't say was that you were less likely to be seen entering a house by the back door than the front.

The principal bedroom at Nigel and Maria's had been thoroughly explored on her first visit. But only that one bedroom. Once, greedy for sensation, during a single two-hour duty at John and Julia's she had searched every room, but since then she had learned restraint. It was something to dread, that the treasures in all the houses she had keys to might become exhausted, every secret laid bare, her gold-mines overworked and left barren. So she had left the desk in Maria's living-room for another time, though it had been almost more than she could bear, seeing it there, virgin so to speak, inviolate. She had also left all the cupboards and filing cabinets unplundered in the study they had made out of the third bedroom.

Maria went away one evening. Nigel told Angela she had gone and he would be joining her in a day or two. She noticed he stayed away from work and she waited for him to call and ask her to feed Absalom in his absence. He never came. Angela was much occupied with child-sitting for Peter and Louise, driving Elizabeth's mother to the hospital, letting in the meter man and the plumber for Miriam and George, and taking Humphrey's cat to the vet, but she had time to wonder why he hadn't

asked. Returning home from watering Julia's peperomias, she met Nigel unlocking his car. He had Absalom with him in a wicker basket.

"Going away tonight?" Angela said hopefully.

"I shall be joining Maria. We thought we'd try taking Absalom with us this time, so we shan't require your kind services. But I expect you've plenty to do, haven't you?"

Thinking of the evening ahead, Angela said she had. She was almost as excited as on the day she began reading Louise's diary. Angela gave it an hour after Nigel's car had gone. She took the key out of the strong-box and let herself into the house. A happy two hours were spent in a search of the desk, and although it uncovered no more love-letters, it did disclose several final demands for payment of bills, an angry note from George complaining about Absalom's behaviour in his garden and, best of all, an anonymous letter.

*WHY HAD HER
LIFE NOT FOLLOWED
THE PATTERN
OF OTHER WOMEN'S?
WHY HAD IT BEEN
WITHOUT ADVENTURE?*

This letter was printed in ink and suggested that Maria had been having an affair with someone called William. Angela thought about this and wondered what it would be like (having an affair when you were married, that is), and she wondered what being married was like anyway, and whether it was William's wife or girlfriend who had written the letter. She put everything back in the desk just as she had found it, being careful not to tidy up.

The rooms upstairs she left for next day. It was a Friday and that evening she was due to drive to Auntie Joan's for the weekend, but first she had Elizabeth's dogs to walk morning and afternoon and Elizabeth's mother to fetch from the hospital, the electrician to let in for Rose and Ken, and Louise's little girl to meet from school. There were two hours to spare between coming back from the hospital and fetching Alexandra. Taking care not to be

seen by the electrician putting in a new point next door in the back room, Angela let herself into Nigel and Maria's house.

Overnight, she had felt rather nervous about that desk and the first thing she did was check that everything was back in place. An examination quickly reassured her that she had accurately replicated their untidiness. Then she went upstairs and along the passage to the study. Louise's diary notwithstanding, Maria and Nigel's house promised to afford her the richest seam of treasure she had yet encountered. And who knew what would be behind this door in the cupboards and the filing cabinets? More love-letters, perhaps, hers to him this time, more insinuations of Maria's infidelity, more unpaid bills, even something pointing to illegality or crime.

Angela opened the door. She took a step into the room, then a step backwards, uttering a small scream she would have suppressed if she could. Maria lay on the floor, wearing a nightdress, her long hair loose and spread out. There was a large brown stain that must be blood on the front of her nightdress and unmistakable blood on the floor around her. Angela stood still for what seemed a very long time, holding her hand over her mouth. She forced herself to advance upon Maria and touch her. It was her forehead she touched, white as marble. Her fingertip encountered icy coldness and she pulled it away with a shudder. Maria's dead eyes looked at her, round and blue like marbles.

Angela went quickly downstairs. She was trembling all over. She let herself out of the back door, locked it and put the key through the letter-box at the front. It somehow seemed essential to her not to have that key in her possession.

She went home and packed a bag, found her car keys. Fetching Alexandra was forgotten and so were Elizabeth's dogs. Angela got into her car and drove off northwards, exceeding the speed limit within the first five minutes. She thought she would stay at least a fortnight with Auntie Joan. Perhaps she would never come back at all. If this was life they could keep it. It was death, too.

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RIGHT,
SURFACES AS
SMOOTH AS
THE CASING
OF CONCORDE:
METALLIC
FLASH FROM
CHANEL.



LEFT, LIQUID
SILVER MEETS
GLIMMERING
GOLD: GLANNI
VERSACE'S
COLLECTION
COMES
FOIL-WRAPPED.

OPPOSITE,
THE BRIGHT
FANTASTIC:
VERSACE USES
FABRICS
INSPIRED BY
THE AIRCRAFT
INDUSTRY.

THE SHINING



FASHION GOES
BACK TO THE
FUTURE IN FABRICS
THAT DAZZLE
AND CAST BRIGHT
NEW LIGHT ON
THE BODY.
SUZY MENKES
PROVIDES A
SEASONAL GLOSSARY
OF GLAMOUR.

Though the ghost of Christmas past haunts fashion for the festive season, this is the year to cast off Victorian velvet and Edwardian lace and zoom fast forward to the new millennium.

Fashion 2000 means anything with a space-age gloss—not so much satin and sequins as techno-glamour. Surfaces are as smooth as Concorde's casing, bias-cut dresses fall like liquid mercury, silver outshines gold, jewellery is not gilt and glitz but shimmering stalactites of icy crystal.

Cyberspace chic has brought a revival of vinyl—but this time as a glazing on glamorous fabrics. Gianni Versace showed abbreviated outfits lacquered on the surface and dresses of metallic chain-mail—a by-product of the aircraft engineering industry. Other designers who seem to have one foot in the next century are Donna Karan, who sent out neoprene ball dresses in the rubbery fabric more usually associated with deep-sea diving, and New York's Marc Jacobs, whose hologram patterns had a three-dimensional glitter. Designer fashion puts the shine anywhere from Giorgio Armani's liquid-crystal beads, to Ralph Lauren's silver leather armour or Issey Miyake's sweet-wrapper Cellophane in architectural pleats.

The space-age look has shown up even in the rarefied world of the super-model. The newest hot property is ice-maiden Nadja Auermann, a statuesque figure with moonbeam-pale hair, her appearance an absolute contrast to the skinny, grungy style of last year's so-called New Waifs. Make-up follows the trend towards gleaming modernity, with silver-streaked or ethereal blue shadows and graphic outlines to eyes, and red lips as bright and shiny as plastic.

In fashion the move towards high-tech fabrics and brilliant shine is a reaction to what has gone before—not just to the deep-pile velvets and embossed brocades but also to the ecologically-conscious natural colours and fabrics that dominated the stores last summer. Today's look is man-made, frankly fake with colours that suggest chemical compounds: acid green, electric blue, potassium permanganate purple, the primary reds and yellows of computer graphics. The vogue for fake fur in lurid colours—not least at Chanel—is part of the machine-made look. And where the ultimate Christmas present may once have been a mink coat, now it is a sheep-skin dyed a colour that nature never intended like orange sherbet or hot pink.

The Technicolor revolution and the brash, new fabrics seem a long way from the safe-and-sound little black dress or the swishing taffetas of romantic evening



THE VINYL REVIVAL HOLDS ECHOES OF THE 1960S: SLASHED PLASTIC IS SLEEK CHIC IN VERSACE'S NEW CYBERSPACE DRESSING.

wear. Even shoes and accessories are beaming out the same message: dainty velvet or brocade slippers and dangling purses have been replaced by glossy patent-leather shoes and boots with spike-heels, and bags that are square and shiny. There is a return of the thigh-high vinyl boot and, in his couture collection, Yves Saint Laurent even revived mock-crocodile footwear from the 1960s.

For a new generation, space-age fashion seems to be modern, daring party wear—a tiny, shiny silver miniskirt, a latex catsuit stretched across the body, or silver moon-boots in fluorescent fabric. But wait a minute! Hasn't fashion been moon-walking before?

Anyone who lived through the 1960s will spot an element of back-to-the-future in the current fashions. Even before the term was coined, cyberspace silver launched the careers of Pierre Cardin, André Courrèges and Paco Rabanne—the French designer whose metal mesh creations still look revolutionary 25 years on.

There are hints too of the discomania of the 1970s, when all that glittered was Elton John, or David Bowie as Ziggy Stardust. Christian Lacroix's couture collection (where a disco-ball twirled above the runway) even brought back the mane of hair, last seen on Farrah

Fawcett Majors. Chanel's all-in-one suits were part Elvis in Las Vegas, part Diana Rigg in *The Avengers*, and part man-on-the-moon space suit.

Maybe it is normal that *fin-de-siècle* fashion should be scattered with references to what has gone before—and especially to earlier attempts at modernity. Throughout the 20th century designers have been jousting with old and new in all the decorative arts. The Bauhaus era that threw out plush sofas and architectural curlicues also saw the invention of nylon and plastic. In the 1930s Elsa Schiaparelli experimented with shiny and transparent man-made materials, including something she called a "glass cape" that resembled the translucent plastics on today's runways. Christian Dior may have taken dresses back to a romantic Edwardian era, but nostalgia for the past was soon overtaken by fashion's 1960s designers yearning again for the future.

Today's brash, shiny, sleek clothes seem a natural by-product of the cyberspace generation. They also have a practical appeal. Party clothes should be available at cheap and cheerful prices as well as for serious investment. Vinyl can be purchased for designer sums but, whereas silks and velvets are at their most beautiful when they are expensive, plastic is usually easy on the wallet.

A witty buy for a Christmas party might be a pair of stretch latex leggings in a neon-bright colour, a wide, plastic, waist-cinching belt, a mock-croc waistcoat, nylon track-suit trousers with a sporty stripe down the side—or even a plastic apron. All are worn with a plain black top. Or techno-glamour might be achieved with just an armful of bakelite bangles, a necklace made out of brightly-coloured telephone flex, a pair of patent ankle-boots or shiny pumps, a miniature, square-shaped vanity case with a round handle, a crystal ring or a pair of bright, bauble ear-rings.

All that may not seem too Christmassy compared with traditional sequins, taffeta ball skirts or chandelier drop earrings. But party-dressing needs to adjust to an era when Father Christmas has to negotiate satellite dishes before making his descent down most chimneys □

HIGH SHINE, FROM YVES SAINT LAURENT'S SILKY PANTSUIT, FAR RIGHT, TO EMANUEL UNGARO'S RIPPLING SILVER CASCADES. LAST SEASON'S NATURAL LOOK HAS BEEN OUSTED BY MODERNITY. ALL THAT GLITTERS IS FRANKLY FAKE.



SEASONAL SPICE

FORGET THE TURKEY AND THE MINCE-PIES. MICHAEL RAFAEL SUGGESTS UNUSUAL DISHES TO BRING A TOUCH OF THE EXOTIC TO THE FESTIVE TABLE. PHOTOGRAPHS BY LINDA BURGESS.



Christmas lunch can seem more like a duty than a pleasure. The turkey is several sizes too large, and by the time justice has been done to the assorted stuffings, vegetables and other tracklements on offer, nobody can face more than a token spoonful of pudding.

None of this would matter too much if the tradition had an ancient pedigree, yet turkey in the age of Dickens was an angular, rather scrawny bird (most gentlefolk preferred eating other roast meats plus, maybe, a crimped cod's head); roast goose tasted better at Michaelmas when the birds had gorged themselves on windfalls; and what we eat as Christmas, or plum, pudding used also to be enjoyed on other festive occasions such as Easter and harvest festival. Although, in our modern society, strawberries and

asparagus are on sale all year round, the traditional feasts were once circumscribed by what was in the larder. That, more than anything, determined what appeared at table. A prime example is the humble mince-pie; its ingredients of dried fruit, apple, suet, spices and pastry were readily available in winter.

Times have changed, but the seasons still matter. Marc Meneau, the chef of L'Espérance at Vézelay, wrote a mouth-watering cookery book *La Cuisine en Fêtes* (Festive Cookery) in the mid-1980s. Over the Christmas season he recommended that cooks look to "shellfish and crustaceans from our cold seas, game from snow-decked forests, fattened poultry ... and pay special homage to the capon, king of the farmyard". The following Christmas menu honours the spirit of his advice, but it is definitely not French cuisine.

A SUTILLY THEATRICAL FLAVOUR FOR DICK WHITTINGTON'S KNIPSACK. RIGHT, SURROUNDED BY A REFRESHING GOLDEN KUMQUAT SAUCE. FRUIT AND ALMONDS BRING THE DISH A DISTINCTIVELY GERMAN TASTE.

PRECEDING PAGES: GOLD COVERED ROAST CAPON WITH CORIANDER-GLAZED CARROTS, LEFT; DELICATE SCALLOPS BAKED WITH SLICED LOBSTER TAIL, CENTRE; PHEASANT BIRYANI TO SERVE WITH THE CAPON, ACCOMPANIED BY HOME MADE CUCUMBER RAITA AND TOMATO RELISH, RIGHT.

SCALLOPS BAKED IN THEIR SHELLS WITH LOBSTER TAIL

It may seem a little *recherché* to advise cooks to buy scallops live and in their shells for this recipe. "Doesn't it make extra work?" I hear you ask, "and the Christmas presents still haven't been wrapped!". Yet nobody would dream of buying a dead oyster, and this is the same principle. The super-star chefs buy "diver scallops"—those that have been brought to the surface by hand rather than scraped off the sea bottom by dredging. They tend to be extra luscious, easier to clean, yet not exorbitantly expensive.

1 large boiled lobster, about 2lb/900g
9oz/250g unsalted butter, cut into chunks
6 large scallops in their shells
1 4oz/100g flour mixed to a soft dough with water

On the day before the dish is required prepare the lobster. Remove the tail, wrap in foil and keep chilled (reserve the claws as a perk for the cook). Discard the stomach. Pound the lobster's tough carapace and legs, plus any

eggs and coral—a powerful food-processor should cope with this in a few seconds. Add the butter and continue processing. Empty the butter and crushed shell into a saucepan, add a pint of water, bring to the boil and simmer for five minutes. Chill overnight. The butter will rise to the surface and set.

The following day, open the scallops with a sharp, flexible knife. Put the point through the chink in the flat area where the two shells meet. Keeping the blade pressed flush against the flat shell detach the meat, pull the shell away from it and then free the scallop from the rounded shell also. Pull away the frilly mantle and the black "belt" round the scallop middle. Rinse well and slice the white flesh of each one horizontally into two medallions. Reserve the orange, crescent-shaped coral.

Preheat the oven to 160°C/325°F/gas mark 3. Divide the dough into six pieces (keeping back about 2oz/60g for use when serving). Roll each into a long strip and lay around the edge of one of the curved shells. Slice the lobster tail into 12 segments. In

each dough-rimmed shell lay alternating, overlapping segments of lobster and scallop, with the orange coral crescent to one side. Brush with a little of the melted lobster butter. Press the flat shell on top. The pastry strip should seal the edge like grouting. Bake for 10 to 12 minutes.

To serve, put a small blob of the remaining dough in the centre of each plate. Balance the scallop on it, rounded side down, and either allow the guests to break open the seals for themselves, or do it in the kitchen and lay the top shells back on top before serving.

Serves six.

"MAHOGANY" ROAST CAPON FLAVOURED WITH PUNJABI SPICES

If you order one well in advance from an illustrious French butcher like The House of Albert Roux at 229 Ebury Street, London SW1 you can buy a *chapon de Bresse*. It comes swaddled in a linen bag, has its own number and, at around £130, is just about the most expensive poultry you can buy. Humbler versions are available around Christmas-time, though you could substitute a

large free-range chicken or even a small turkey (in the latter case you may have to increase the amounts of pepper butter and spice and extend the cooking time). The flavour, of course, would not be quite the same but by the time the bird has been rubbed with spices, massaged with flavoured butter, slowly roasted and lovingly basted, few would be likely to criticise.

1 capon, about 6lb/2.75kg
3fl oz/90ml vinegar
For the spice mixture
½ tsp crushed garlic
½ tsp salt
½ tsp ground coriander
2 tsp chilli powder
2 tsp ground cumin
1 star anise, ground
pinch cinnamon
pinch ginger
pinch turmeric
For the red-pepper butter
1 medium-sized red pepper, roughly chopped
1 bird's-eye chilli pepper (or an ordinary, seeded chilli)
4oz/100g softened butter

Start preparation of the capon the day before the dish is required.

Lift the skin over the breastbone and feel for the wishbone with your fingers. Scrape along the inside of it with a sharp knife to expose the bone and cut it out, damaging the breast meat as little as possible. This takes a couple of minutes, but makes carving the bird much easier. Ease your fingers between the skin and the breast meat to loosen the skin (being careful not to make a hole in it).

Using a skewer prick the leg meat all over, right down to the bone. Mix the spices together. Rub the inside of the capon with a little vinegar and then with about a quarter of the spices and repeat. Massage the leg meat with vinegar and then with the rest of the spices. Take care, however, not to rub any of the spices over the breast area.

Put the red pepper and chilli into a food-processor. Blend until both are finely chopped. Add the butter and continue blending until it has absorbed most of the pepper. The mixture should be soft and spreadable. Carefully push the pepper mixture over the capon's breast, underneath the loosened skin—it is a sticky-

fingered job, but not as difficult as it sounds.

The following day, pre-heat the oven to 160°C/325°F/gas mark 3. Put the capon on a rack over a roasting-tin and cook for two and a quarter hours. Baste after the first hour, and then at 15-minute intervals. Rest the bird for at least 15 minutes before carving. The skin over the breast should be a deep mahogany colour, and when the meat is sliced there should be a thin pepper layer over each piece. The brown meat will be very spicy.

Serves six to eight.

PHEASANT BIRYANI

Normally, this would be a main course in its own right, but served in tandem with the capon, it provides a counterpoint of flavours and textures.

8 skinned pheasant breasts, cut into three pieces
½ pt/300ml organic yoghurt (not low-fat)
¼ pt/150ml sunflower oil
2 bay-leaves
1 large onion, sliced
12oz/350g basmati rice
1 scant tsp saffron threads

3tbsp milk
24 dried morels soaked for about three hours in boiling water
gold leaf garnish (optional)
For the spice paste
7oz/200g puréed onion
2 cloves garlic, crushed
1 dsp fresh ginger, puréed
1 tsp powdered cloves
2 tsp ground black peppercorns
6 green cardamoms, crushed
1 tsp ground coriander
½ tsp ground cumin
pinch mace
pinch powdered bay-leaf
2tbsp fresh lemon juice

Put the pheasant breasts into a bowl and prick them well with a fork. Blend all the spice paste ingredients and stir in the yoghurt. Marinate the pheasant in this yoghurt mixture for at least four hours.

Warm the oil in a frying-pan. Add the bay-leaves and onion. Fry gently for about 10 minutes, then turn up the heat to moderate to crisp the onions. Strain half the oil through a metal sieve into a heavy-duty ovenproof dish and reserve the rest. Discard the bay-leaves and pat the onions dry on absorbent paper.

Heat the oil in the dish and add the pheasant with its marinade. Cook, covered, for 10 minutes over a moderate flame. Remove the pieces of meat with a slotted spoon and reduce the liquid, uncovered, to about two-thirds of a pint.

Wash the rice. Bring a large pan of salted water to the boil. Pour in the rice grains and simmer for roughly five minutes until half cooked. Drain. Put the saffron in a teaspoon and toast over an open flame for a few seconds. Transfer to a small bowl or mortar containing the milk and work with a pestle until the milk is bright yellow.

Put the pheasant back into the reduced sauce. Add the morels. Spread the rice in a single layer on top. Drizzle the reserved oil over it. Splash the milk and saffron mixture over the rice and mix roughly with a fork. Level the surface. Cover and bake in a pre-heated oven (160°C/325°F/gas mark 3) for one hour. Remove the lid and sprinkle the crisply-fried onion on top. For a touch of extravagance, garnish biryani or capon with gold leaf.

Serves six to eight.



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ACCOMPANIMENTS FOR CAPON AND PHEASANT

For the cucumber raita

1 cucumber, peeled, seeded and coarsely grated
12oz/350g organic yoghurt
2tbsp soured cream
fresh mint, finely shredded
For the grilled tomato relish
4 ripe tomatoes
1 onion, sliced and blanched
for 30 seconds

blanched
icing sugar
For the sauce
1 heaped tbsp glucose powder
½ oz/15g sugar
1 orange, zest and juice
1fl oz/25ml Grand Marnier
1tbsp concentrated orange juice
6 kumquats, thinly sliced, ends discarded
1oz/25g sugar

For the cucumber raita, sprinkle salt over the grated cucumber, leave 30 minutes to drain, rinse and pat dry. Fold in the yoghurt and soured cream and add mint and salt to taste.

To make the tomato relish, grill the tomatoes under the hottest flame possible until the skins char. Peel them, scraping any pulp away from the skin with a knife, then crush the flesh roughly, season and combine with the onion slices.

CORIANDER-GLAZED CARROTS

1½ lb/750g carrots
1 dsp sugar
1tsp ground coriander
2oz/50g unsalted butter

Either use baby carrots or cut large ones into 2in/5cm batons about the size of a little finger.

Melt butter in a non-stick frying-pan. Sprinkle sugar and coriander over the carrots. Place in pan and cook gently for about seven minutes.

DICK WHITTINGTON'S KNAPSACK

Although this dish is sheer pantomime, it actually tastes good, too. The fruit and ground almond filling has the flavour of a German *stollen* and is considerably lighter than plum pudding. For the kumquat sauce, I am indebted to Warrant Officer Lou Jones of the Army Catering Corps; he devised it as part of a dessert that won him the 1994 Chef of the Year competition.

For the "staffs"

4oz/100g puff-pastry trimmings
egg yolk
icing sugar

For the "knapsacks"

1oz/25g sugar
4oz/100g raisins
1oz/25g currants
1oz/25g chopped mixed peel
grated zest of 1 small lemon
5oz/140g ground almonds
3tbsp rum
1 egg
12 x 7in/18cm squares of filo pastry
melted butter
6 strands vermicelli or spaghetti,

To make the "staffs", preheat the oven to 190°C/375°F/gas mark 5. Work the pastry trimmings into a small ball, flatten and roll out thinly to form a strip roughly 8in/20cm long. Trim the edges. Brush with egg yolk and then dust with icing sugar. Cut into parallel strips, roughly the width of a lady's little finger. Choose the best six (you will probably have more than you need). Take hold of the ends and twist each to form a spiral. Lay them on a sheet of baking parchment and cook until a dark toffee colour—about 15 minutes. Cool.

For the "knapsacks", keep the oven at the same temperature. Combine the sugar, dried fruit, lemon zest, almonds, rum and egg to form a paste. Brush a sheet of filo with melted butter. Lay another on top; brush with more butter. Spoon about one-sixth of the mixture into the middle of the pastry. Pull and squeeze the four corners together to form a pouch. Push a pencil through the pastry where it comes together to make a hole for the "staff". Tie a vermicelli knot or bow around the "knapsack". Take out the pencil and make five more pastry pouches in similar fashion. Lay them on a sheet of baking parchment and bake for about 20 minutes. Cool. Before assembling, dust with icing sugar.

Finally, for the sauce, put the glucose, a dash of water, ½ oz sugar and orange zest into a pan. Heat together for a few minutes until they form a syrup, then pour in the Grand Marnier and set alight. When the flames die down add the orange juice. Boil, reduce to the required flavour and strain the sauce through muslin or a hair sieve. Drop the kumquat slices in boiling water. Simmer 30 seconds and refresh under cold water. Put them in a fresh pan with 1oz sugar and water to cover. Boil gently until glazed.

To assemble each portion: lay a "knapsack" on a large plate. Push a puff-pastry stick through the hole. Spoon the orange sauce to one side. Pick up the kumquat slices with tweezers and arrange them, not touching, on the sauce.

Serves six □



The Devil's Disciple, National.

THEATRE

Pantomime is more in evidence in the West End this year with *Babes in the Wood* & *Peter Pan*, while John Mortimer's adaptation of *A Christmas Carol* is at the RSC. The first play at the Gielgud Theatre, formerly the Globe, is *Hamlet*, directed by Peter Hall. Brian Cox makes a welcome return to the stage after a four-year absence in Ibsen's *The Master Builder*.

Addresses & telephone numbers are given on the first occasion a theatre's entry appears.

Alice's Adventures Under Ground. Michael Maloney plays Lewis Carroll in Christopher Hampton's exploration of the darker side of the author. Martha Clarke directs. Opens Nov 8. *Cottesloe, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (071-928 2252).*

Arcadia. Trevor Nunn directs Tom Stoppard's witty drama—part love story, part literary mystery—set in both the early 19th & late 20th centuries. With Joanne Pearce & Roger Allam. *Theatre Royal, Haymarket, SW1 (071-930 8800).*

Beautiful Thing. Funny & compassionate drama about the growing pains of two gay teenagers on a South London estate. *Duke of York's, St Martin's Lane, WC2 (071-836 5122).*

Broken Glass. Arthur Miller's latest play explores, through the stale marriage of a Jewish New York couple (Henry Goodman & Margot Leicester), America's indifference to events in Nazi Germany late in 1938. Earnest & moralising drama played with powerful emotional energy. *Lyttelton, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (071-928 2252).*

The Children's Hour. Lillian Hellman's 1934 drama about two female teachers accused by a pupil of being lovers. An uneven mixture of illuminating moments & heavy melodrama that grips in the final act due to impressive performances by Clare

A SELECTIVE GUIDE TO SOME OF THE CAPITAL'S MOST INTERESTING AND ENTERTAINING EVENTS

FESTIVE SEASON

Higgins & Harriet Walter as the teachers who are slandered. *Lyttelton, National Theatre.*

Copacabana. High camp & low comedy abound in Barry Manilow's musical about a sassy showgirl (Nicola Dawn) in a 1940s Havana nightclub & the bartender (a charming Gary Wilmot) who loves her. *Prince of Wales, Coventry St, W1 (071-839 5987).*

The Devil's Disciple. Enjoyable revival of a minor Bernard Shaw satirical drama set during the American War of Independence in which an American ne'er-do-well (Richard Bonnevill) is mistaken for a rebel pastor by the English. Some notable performances, particularly Daniel Massey as an acid-tongued general. Until Nov 30. *Olivier, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (071-928 2252).*

Hamlet. Peter Hall's production has Stephen Dillane in the title role, with Gina Bellman as Ophelia, Michael Pennington as Claudius, Gwen Taylor as Gertrude & Donald Sinden as Polonius. Opens Nov 4. *Gielgud Theatre, Shaftesbury Ave, W1 (071-494 5065).*

Ion. David Lan provides a new translation for Euripides's tragi-comedy about a mortal woman who is given a son by a god. *The Pit, Barbican, EC2 (071-638 8891).*

Lady Windermere's Fan. Philip Prowse's sumptuously designed but leaden adaptation of Oscar Wilde's social comedy perks up only in the final act. Francesca Annis is excellent as the scarlet woman threatening to cause a scandal in London society. Also stars Frank Middlemass & Simon Dutton. *Albery, St Martin's Lane, WC2 (071-369 1730).*

Landscape. Harold Pinter directs his own 1967 40-minute play of interweaving monologues exploring a middle-aged couple's marriage. With Ian Holm & Penelope Wilton. Nov 22-Dec 6. *Cottesloe, National Theatre.*

The Libertine. A new play by Stephen Jeffreys about the second Earl of Rochester, the 17th-century rake who was the inspiration for the Restoration comedy *The Man of Mode*.

Opens Dec 9. *Royal Court, Sloane Sq, SW1 (071-730 1745).*

The Man of Mode. George Etherege's Restoration comedy plays in repertoire with *The Libertine* (above). Opens Dec 15. *Royal Court.*

The Master Builder. Ibsen's drama features Brian Cox as the successful architect plagued by fears of being replaced by the younger generation. Nov 8-Dec 3. *Riverside Studios, Crisp Rd, W6 (081-741 2255).*

The Merchant of Venice. Peter Sellars transplants Shakespeare's drama to modern-day Los Angeles for a production by Chicago's Goodman Theatre. Nov 16-19. *Barbican Theatre, Barbican.*

A Midsummer Night's Dream. The Georgian Film Actors' Studio from Tiblisi perform Shakespeare's comedy. In Georgian with English surtitles. Nov 16-19. *The Pit, Barbican.*

Molly Sweeney. The Dublin Gate Theatre presents the British premiere of Brian Friel's acclaimed play about a blind woman coming to terms with her regained sight. With Catherine Byrne, Mark Lambert & T.P. McKenna. Until Dec 23. *Almeida Theatre, Almeida St, N1 (071-359 4404).*

Moscow Stations. Tom Courtenay's low-key solo turn as an alcoholic disillusioned by Brezhnev's Russia is both masterful & moving. Until Dec 3. *Garrick, Charing Cross Rd, WC2 (071-494 5085).*

My Night with Reg. John Sessions & David Bamber head the cast for Kevin Elyot's gentle tragi-comedy about six gay friends at a flat-warming party. Opens Nov 21. *Criterion, Piccadilly Circus, W1 (071-839 4488).*

Neville's Island. Tony Slattery heads the cast of Tim Firth's comedy about four middle-management executives on a team-building outward bound course in the Lake District. *Apollo, Shaftesbury Ave, W1 (071-494 5072).*

New England. Richard Nelson's latest drama concerns the attitudes of an ex-pat English family in America towards their adopted country.



Moscow Stations, Garrick.

Opens Nov 29. *The Pit, Barbican.*

900 Oneonta. Eddie Izzard stars in an adult comedy, a sort of Grand Guignol pastiche of Tennessee Williams, in which a Louisiana family battles with incest, murder, drugs & one another. By turns funny & shocking. Written and directed by David Beard. *Ambassadors, West St, WC2 (071-836 6111).*

Oliver! Sam Mendes directs Lionel Bart's 1960 musical version of Dickens's novel. With Jonathan Pryce, Sally Dexter, Miles Anderson & James Villiers. Opens Dec 8. *Palladium, Argyll St, W1 (071-494 5020).*

On Approval. Nicely cast and generally amusing revival by Peter Hall of Frederick Lonsdale's 1927 comedy about a spoilt widow (Anna Carteret) & a bankrupt duke (Martin Jarvis) testing their prospective spouses (Simon Ward & Louise Lombard) during a month's stay in Scotland. *Playhouse, Northumberland Ave, WC2 (071-839 4401).*

Once on this Island. Fairytale musical set on a Caribbean island where a poor girl falls in love with a landowner's son. An energetic cast charm the audience with this 90-minute entertainment. *Island Theatre, Portugal St, WC2 (071-494 5091).*

Only the Lonely. Well-sung but sketchy portrait of the talented, self-destructive singer-songwriter Roy Orbison. played by impressive soundalike Larry Branson. *Piccadilly Theatre, Denman St, W1 (071-369 1734).*

Out of a House Walked a Man ... A new show devised by Theatre de Complicite based on the writings of the little-known Russian avant-garde writer Daniil Kharmis. Opens Dec 1. *Lyttelton, National Theatre.*

Out of the Blue. David Gilmour directs a new musical about an American GI falling in love with a Japanese girl during the Second World War. Opens Nov 23. *Shaftesbury Theatre, Shaftesbury Ave, WC2 (071-413 3586).*

A Passionate Woman. A new comedy drama by Kay Mellor about



Georgians in A Midsummer Night's Dream at the Barbican. Patricia Hodge as Jean Brodie. Tamblyn Lord in Two Weeks with the Queen at the National.

an elderly mother finding new vigour despite the pressures of family ties & her advancing years. With Stephanie Cole, Alfred Lynch, Neil Morrissey & James Gaddas. Opens Nov 7. *Comedy, Panton St, SW1 (071-369 1731).*

The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie. Patricia Hodge triumphs as the wilful, romantic and unconventional schoolmistress in a sparkling new production of Jay Presson Allen's adaptation of Muriel Spark's novel. Alan Strachan directs a creme de la creme production. *Strand Theatre, Aldwych, WC2 (071-930 8800).*

The Queen & I. An adaptation of Sue Townsend's comic novel which imagines the royal family banished by a republican government to live on a poverty-stricken council estate. With Carole Hayman & David Horovitch. *Vaudeville, Strand, WC2 (071-836 9987).*

Romeo & Juliet. The ITIM Theatre Ensemble from Israel perform Shakespeare's tragic love story. In Hebrew with English surtitles. Nov 8-12. *The Pit, Barbican.*

Rutherford & Son. A strongly played production of Githa Sowerby's little-known 1912 drama about the authoritarian rule of a Yorkshire glass-works owner (superbly played by Bob Peck) that stifles his family & business. Until Nov 26. *Cottesloe, National Theatre.*

The Seagull. John Caird's intelligent direction of Chekhov's drama about misplaced love & the artistic spirit is hampered by a cumbersome set & a few weak supporting performances. However, Judi Dench shines as the selfish actress Arkadina. Until Dec 3. *Olivier, National Theatre.*

She Loves Me. Deft & amusing 1963 Broadway musical comedy about two lonely hearts (John Gordon Sinclair & Ruthie Henshall) who work in a 1930s Budapest perfume store but don't realise they are penpals. No big production numbers but lots of charm & attractive songs. *Savoy Theatre, Strand, WC2 (071-836 8888).*

The Sisters Rosensweig. Wendy

Wasserstein's American comedy-drama about the reunion of three Brooklyn-born sisters is set in London. A slight affair but it benefits enormously from engaging performances by Janet Suzman, Maureen Lipman & Lynda Bellingham. *Old Vic, Waterloo Rd, SE1 (071-928 7616).*

Sweet Bird of Youth. Tennessee Williams's 1959 melodrama in which a Hollywood drifter (Robert Knepner) returns to his home town with a fading glamour star (Clare Higgins). A superb revival full of energy, pain & desperation, directed by Richard Eyre. *Lyttelton, National Theatre.*

The Tale of Lear. Japan's Tadashi Suzuki directs his own company in a version of Shakespeare's tragedy. In Japanese with English surtitles. Nov 9-12. *Barbican Theatre, Barbican.*

Three Tall Women. Edward Albee's Pulitzer prize-winning play explores the memories of a wealthy but ailing old woman whose secretarial assistant & young lawyer gradually become her at earlier stages in her life. With Maggie Smith, Frances de la Tour & Anastasia Hille. Opens Nov 15. *Wyndham's, Charing Cross Rd, WC2 (071-369 1736).*

The Threepenny Opera. Phyllida Lloyd directs a new version of one of Brecht's most popular works. Opens Dec 14. *Donmar Warehouse, Earham St, WC2 (071-369 1731).*

True West. Mark Rylance features in a revival of Sam Shepard's 1980 drama about the clash between a Hollywood screenwriter & his desert-drifter brother, both still haunted by their absent, alcoholic father. Matthew Warchus directs. Nov 10-Dec 3. *Donmar Warehouse.*

The Venetian Twins. A boisterous RSC staging from Stratford (with audience participation) of Ranjit Bolt's adaptation of Goldoni's comedy about separated twins on the trail of love & marriage in Verona. David Troughton effects some startling quick-changes while doubling in the title roles. Michael Bogdanov directs. *Barbican Theatre, Barbican.*

RECOMMENDED LONG RUNNERS

Blood Brothers, *Phoenix (071-867 1044); Buddy,* *Victoria Palace (071-834 1317); Cats,* *New London (071-405 0072); Crazy for You,* *Prince Edward (071-734 8951); Five Guys Named Moe,* *Lyric (071-494 5045); Grease,* *Dominion (071-416 6060); An Inspector Calls,* *Aldwych, (071-836 6404); Les Miserables,* *Palace (071-434 0909); Miss Saigon,* *Theatre Royal, Drury Lane (071-494 5060); The Mousetrap,* *St Martin's (071-836 1443); The Phantom of the Opera,* *Her Majesty's (071-494 5400); Starlight Express,* *Apollo Victoria (071-416 6039); Sunset Boulevard,* *Adelphi (071 344 0055); The Woman in Black,* *Fortune (071-836 2238).*

OUT OF TOWN

RSC season at Stratford-upon-Avon: At the Royal Shakespeare Theatre: *Henry V*, with Iain Glen, directed by Matthew Warchus, until Jan 26. *Twelfth Night*, with Emma Fielding as Viola, directed by Ian Judge, until Jan 28. *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, with Alex Jennings as Oberon, directed by Adrian Noble, until Jan 28. *Measure for Measure*, with Stella Gonet as Isabella, Alex Jennings as Angelo, Michael Feast as the Duke & Toby Stephens as Claudio, directed by Steven Pimlott, until Jan 27. At the Swan Theatre: *Peer Gynt* by Ibsen, with Alex Jennings & Haydn Gwynne, directed by John Barton, until Jan 26. *Coriolanus*, with Toby Stephens, directed by David Thacker, until Jan 28. *The Wives' Excuse*, a 1692 comedy by Thomas Southerne, directed by Max Stafford-Clark, until Jan 28. *The Broken Heart* by John Ford, directed by Michael Boyd, until Jan 27. At The Other Place: *After Easter*, a new play by Anne Devlin, directed by Michael Attenborough, until Jan 23. *Pentecost*, a new play by David Edgar, directed by Michael Attenborough, until Jan 27. *Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwicks CV37 6BB (0789 295623).*

CHRISTMAS & CHILDREN'S SHOWS

Aladdin. Mayhem & magic at the theatre devoted to children's shows. Nov 26-Jan 20. *Unicorn, Great Newport St, WC2 (071-836 3334).*

Babes in the Wood. Roy Hudd directs & appears in his own panto. With Keith Barron & Geoffrey Hughes. Dec 14-Jan 22. *Sadler's Wells, Rosebery Ave, EC1 (071-278 8916).*

Babes in the Wood. With Max Boyce as Robin Hood & Sheila Steafel as the Fairy Godmother. Dec 9-Jan 14. *Churchill, Bromley, Kent (081-460 6677).*

The Children's Mysteries. Biblical tales for 6-11-year-olds, with original songs and lots opportunity for audience participation. Dec 6-24. *Orange Tree, Clarence St, Richmond, Surrey (081-940 3633).*

A Christmas Carol. John Mortimer adapts Dickens's seasonal tale with David Bradley as Scrooge. Opens Dec 6. *Barbican Theatre, Barbican, EC2 (071-638 8891).*

Cinderella. A traditional Victorian panto performed in one of London's last remaining music halls. Dec 7-Feb 7. *Players' Theatre, Villiers St, WC2 (071-839 1134).*

Cinderella. With Rolf Harris, June Whitfield, Mark Curry & cricketer-Ian Botham. Dec 16-Jan 29. *Wimbledon Theatre, 93 The Broadway, SW19 (081-540 0362).*

Dick Whittington & His Cat. The rats are out for world domination in Bubble Theatre's action-packed production. *Albany Theatre, Douglas Way, SE8, (081-237 1663).*

David Wood Magic & Music Show. Devised & performed by Britain's leading children's dramatist. Dec 27-30. *Purcell Room, South Bank Centre, SE1 (071-928 8800).*

Grease. Exuberant rock 'n' roll musical. *Dominion, Tottenham Court Rd, W1 (071-416 6060).*

Grimm Tales. Fairy stories from the Brothers Grimm, including *Hansel & Gretel, Rumpelstiltskin & Sleeping Beauty.* Nov 24-Jan 21. *Young Vic,*



Kenneth Branagh plays the doctor in his Mary Shelley's *Frankenstein*. Tim Burton's *The Nightmare Before Christmas*. Quentin Tarantino's thriller *Pulp Fiction*.

The Cut, SE1 (071-928 6363).

The Little Match Girl. Neil Bartlett adapts Hans Christian Andersen's story. Dec 9-Jan 21. Lyric Hammer-smith, K&ng St, W6 (081 741 2311).

Peter Pan. Musical adaptation of the J M Barrie tale with Nicola Stapleton as Peter & Ron Moody as Captain Hook. Dec 13-Jan 21. Cambridge Theatre, Earham St, WC2 (071-494 5080).

Peter Pan. Michaela Strachan is Peter with Leslie Grantham as Captain Hook & Una Stubbs as Mrs Darling. Dec 16-Jan 28. Richmond Theatre, Richmond, Surrey (081-940 0088).

Sleeping Beauty: A Panto. A raucous rendering by Brian Protheroe & David Creegan. Dec 3-Jan 28. Theatre Royal Stratford East, Gerry Raffles Sq, E15 (081-534 0310).

The Snow Queen. Hans Christian Andersen's tale adapted by Vicky Ireland. Nov 17-Feb 4. Polka, 240 The Broadway, Wimbledon, SW19 (081-543 4888).

The Snow Queen. Anita Dobson takes the title role, with Bernard Cribbins & Aled Jones. Dec 16-Jan 7. Yvonne Arnaud Theatre, Guildford, Surrey (0483 60191).

Sooty's Wild West. Glove puppets for the very young. Dec 19-31. Bloomsbury Theatre, Gordon St, WC1 (071-388 8822).

Treasure Island. Glyn Robbins adapts the piratical yarn with Roy Marsden as Long John Silver. Nov 29-Jan 14. Mermaid Theatre, Puddle Dock, EC4 (071-236 2211).

Two Weeks with the Queen. Moving & funny Australian drama for 8-year-olds & over about a 12-year-old boy facing up to illness & death among his friends & family. Cottesloe, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (071-928 2252).

The Wind in the Willows. Alan Bennett's delightful adaptation of Kenneth Grahame's book. Cast includes Michael Bryant as Badger & Patrick Barlow as Toad. Opens Dec 15. Olivier, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (071-928 2252).

CINEMA

Branagh's eagerly awaited Mary Shelley's *Frankenstein* opens this year's London Film Festival. The Festival is more packed than ever & will have a sizeable presence in Leicester Square as well as on the South Bank. Quentin Tarantino's controversial film *Pulp Fiction*, acclaimed at Cannes, also opens in Britain, as does Oliver Stone's *Natural Born Killers*, a study of the mass media's treatment of serial murderers.

Airheads. In order to get their demo disc played on the air three rock performers—lead singer Brendan Fraser, bassman Steve Buscemi & drummer Adam Sandler—seize a radio station. Joe Mantegna is a deejay approaching the over-the-hill career stage & Judd Nelson a slimy record company executive. The director is Michael Lehmann. Opens Nov 18.

The Browning Version (15). Albert Finney plays Terence Rattigan's public-school classics master whose life is upended when a pupil gives him a present. The director is Mike Figgis, & Greta Scacchi is the unfaithful young wife. The play was originally filmed in 1951 with Michael Redgrave & Jean Kent.

Cronos (18). A Mexican vampire movie directed by a newcomer, Guillermo Del Toro. An elderly antique dealer finds a device inside a statue that has the power to grant eternal life for the price of blood. Stylish, witty & full of striking images, the film satisfies the demands of the bizarre horror genre. Opens Nov 18.

Dark Summer (12). A small-scale but unusual feature by a new British director, Charles Teton. The setting is Liverpool, the central character a young black mechanic (Steve Ako), who aspires to become a professional boxer. He has an affair with a white girl (Joeline Garner Joel), his boss's

daughter, & the film charts their relationship through the summer.

Days of Being Wild. A fascinating, strikingly photographed love story set in Hong Kong in the 1960s in which a disillusioned & anxious playboy, played by Leslie Cheung, drifts through a series of unsatisfactory affairs & casual encounters. Wong Kar Wai directs. Opens Nov 25.

Dear Diary. The writer-director Nanni Moretti's film is a very personal study. He plays a man travelling through Italy, first riding on his Vespa around Rome which has emptied for the summer holidays, secondly in the tourist-thronged Aeolian Isles, & lastly in hospital fighting for his life against the inefficiencies of the health service. Opens Nov 25.

Dream Lover (18). A divorced man (James Spader) finds his ideal in Madchen Amick, but after marrying her & bringing up a family he grows suspicious of her fidelity. A tense thriller, dealing with the psychology of paranoia, written & directed by Nicholas Kazan. Opens Nov 11.

L'Enfer (15). In Claude Chabrol's new film Emmanuelle Béart & François Cluzet begin their married life by becoming owners of a country inn. Their idyllic existence is destroyed by his paranoid jealousy when he becomes convinced that she is having an affair.

I Love Trouble (PG). A romantic thriller with a press background. Julia Roberts & Nick Nolte are rival reporters on competing Chicago newspapers. They bicker & outwit each other like a latterday Hepburn & Tracy as they engage in the excitements of journalism. The director is Charles Shyer, who co-wrote the screenplay with Nancy Meyers. Opens Nov 18.

It Could Happen to You (PG). When the lottery ticket an honest New York cop has promised to share with a waitress—in lieu of a tip—wins \$4 million, his brash, upwardly mobile wife (Rosie Perez) is determined to spend every cent on herself.

Nicolas Cage & Bridget Fonda star in a winning comedy directed by Andrew Bergman. Opens Nov 11.

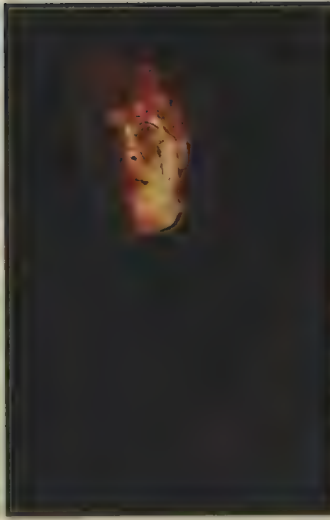
Lancelot du Lac (PG). A revival in a new print enhances the subtlety of the colour in Robert Bresson's 1974 austere yet hypnotic view of the Arthurian legend as the knights, after years of search & conflict, return to their king without the Holy Grail. Luc Simon plays Lancelot, with Laura Duke Condominas as his Guinevere.

Mary Shelley's *Frankenstein*. (15) Kenneth Branagh directs & has the role of the doctor who creates the imperfect likeness of a man, a pathetic monster played by Robert De Niro, in an atmospheric work that adheres more closely to the great Gothic novel than the famous 1931 film. Helena Bonham Carter is Elizabeth, Frankenstein's adopted sister.

Miracle on 34th Street. An updated version of a much-loved 1948 Christmas fable, produced by John Hughes & directed by Les Mayfield, has been selected for this year's Royal Film Performance. Richard Attenborough plays the man hired to be a department store Santa Claus who convinces a six-year-old girl that he really is who he says he is, & is placed on trial to prove it. Opens Dec 2.

Pulp Fiction (18). Quentin Tarantino's Cannes award-winner is a dazzling thriller in which three stories overlap. The setting is Los Angeles, the milieu the modern underworld populated by characters who would not have been out of place in the pages of Hammett & Chandler. John Travolta, Uma Thurman, Tim Roth, Amanda Plummer, Harvey Keitel, Bruce Willis, Christopher Walken & Eric Stoltz are in the large cast.

The Punk & the Princess (15). Vanessa Hadaway is the spoilt daughter of a film producer, Jess Conrad, who meets an unemployed youth, Charlie Creed-Miles, in Nottingham Hill Gate & has her eyes opened on how the other half lives. Mike Sarne directs. Opens Nov 25.



Albert Finney in *The Broening Version*. Sally Burgess sings Azucena, the gipsy, in Opera North's *Il trovatore*. Glyndebourne Touring Opera's *Barber of Seville*.

Second Best (12). British director Chris Menges uses a Welsh location for a sensitive study of a lonely man's struggle to befriend the emotionally retarded boy he hopes to adopt. With William Hurt, John Hurt and Jane Horrocks. Opens Nov 18.

The Shadow (12). Another avenging character from the world of comic books & old radio serials takes to the screen. Alec Baldwin plays him, with Penelope Ann Miller as his sidekick, Margo Lane, & John Lone as the arch villain, a descendant of Genghis Khan. The director is Russell Mulcahy. Opens Nov 18.

Sleep With Me (18). Just as she is on the verge of marrying Eric Stoltz, Meg Tilly discovers that his best friend, Craig Sheffer, is passionate about her. The resolution of this awkward triangle produces one of the funniest films of the year. The director is Rory Kelly. Opens Nov 11.

Strawberry & Chocolate. An award-winning film from Cuba that manages to be both critical of the Castro regime & supportive of homosexual relationships. A university student & staunch communist, Vladimir Cruz, having broken with his girlfriend, meets a flamboyant artist, Jorge Perugorria, & attempts to convert him politically. Opens Nov 18.

Three Colours Red (15). The third & final part of Krzysztof Kieslowski's trilogy based on the French Revolutionary ideals of Liberty, Equality, Fraternity is set in Switzerland & stars Irene Jacob & Jean-Louis Trintignant. She is a model, he is a former judge whose dog she runs over. There are threads linking it with the two other films. Opens Nov 11.

Tim Burton's The Nightmare Before Christmas. The screenplay is by Caroline Thompson, who wrote Tim Burton's *Edward Scissorhands*. Stop-motion animation is used to tell an imaginative story in which the Pumpkin King of Halloweentown kidnaps Santa Claus, the King of Christmastown. The score is by Danny Elfman. Opens Nov 25.

OPERA

Rival attractions in London are new stagings of *La traviata* at the Royal Opera & the epic *Khovanshchina* at English National Opera. There are still opportunities to enjoy Glyndebourne Touring Opera's attractive repertoire & a last chance to catch Opera North's splendidly-sung *Il trovatore*.

ENGLISH BACH FESTIVAL
Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, WC2 (071-304 4000).

The Fairy Queen. To herald the Purcell tercentenary, Jonathan Cocker directs a new production with singers, dancers & mime actors. Howard Williams conducts. Dec 4.

ENGLISH NATIONAL OPERA
London Coliseum, St Martin's Lane, WC2 (071-632 8300).

Don Quixote. Richard Van Allan gives a moving performance as the courtly, poet-knight, tilting at visions of windmills & chasing bandits astride his three-wheeled, faithful steed Rosinante, in a production by Ian Judge that would benefit from the removal of the Spanish dancing. Alan Opie is the sturdy Sancho Panza & Louise Winter the sultry Dulcinee. Nov 3, 9.

Ariadne on Naxos. Jane Eaglen sings Strauss's prima donna, with American soprano Cyndia Sieden as Zerbinetta, in Graham Vick's production. Nov 4, 11, 18, 25, Dec 1, 8, 14.

The Magic Flute. Nicholas Hytner's imaginative staging, with Thomas Randle as Tamino, Rebecca Caine/Gillian Webster as Pamina, Quentin Hayes/Alan Opie as Papageno, John Connell as Sarastro. Nov 5, 8, 10, 12, 17, 23, 26, 29, Dec 2, 7.

Khovanshchina. Sian Edwards conducts Francesca Zambello's new production of Mussorgsky's opera, which recounts a turbulent period in Russian history. The cast includes Willard White, Kim Begley, Gwynne Howell, Anne-Marie Owens, Cathryn Pope. Nov 24, 30, Dec 6, 9, 12, 16.

ROYAL OPERA
Covent Garden, WC2 (071-304 4000).

Roméo & Juliette. Roberto Alagna & Leontina Vaduva sing the title roles in Nicolas Joel's production of Gounod's opera, conducted by Charles Mackerras. Nov 4, 9, 12, 15, 17.

La traviata. Georg Solti conducts Richard Eyre's new production, designed by Bob Crowley. Angela Gheorghiu sings Violetta, with Frank Lopardo as Alfredo & Leo Nucci/Carlos Alvarez as Giorgio Germont. Nov 25, 29, Dec 2, 5, 8, 13, 16, 19.

OUT OF TOWN
ENGLISH TOURING OPERA

La Bohème. The young cast is conducted by Andrew Greenwood in a production which up-dates the action to German-occupied Paris in 1940.

Orpheus & Eurydice. Stephen Medcalf's production of Gluck's opera as a contemporary funeral gathering, with the bereaved Orpheus, plangently sung by Timothy Wilson, as chief mourner; Elizabeth Woollett is a moving Eurydice.

Theatre Royal, Bath (0225 448844); Nov 1-5. Playhouse, Weston-super-Mare (0934 645544); Nov 8-12. Orchard, Dartford (0322 220000); Nov 14, 15. Opera House, Buxton (0298 72190); Nov 17-19. Theatre Royal, York (0904 623568); Nov 22-26. Wycombe Swan, High Wycombe (0494 512000); Nov 29-Dec 3.

GLYNDEBOURNE TOURING OPERA
Il barbiere di Siviglia. William Dazely is a personable, strongly-sung Figaro, Ann Taylor-Morley conveys Rosina's determination through her fluent singing & Francisco Vas shines in Almaviva's comic disguises.

Eugene Onegin. Graham Vick's perceptive, uncluttered production now has Susan Chilcott as the ardent & poetic Tatiana; Robert Hayward's rather hard-edged singing conveys Onegin's unbending arrogance. The chorus scenes are magical.

The Second Mrs Kong. Harrison Birtwistle's new opera, loosely based on the King Kong story, is staged by Tom Cairns & conducted by Elgar

Howarth; the cast includes Philip Langridge, Helen Field, Steven Page. *Apollo, Oxford (0865 244544); Nov 1-5. Theatre Royal, Norwich (0603 630000); Nov 8-12. Theatre Royal, Plymouth (0752 267222); Nov 15-19. New Victoria, Woking (0483 761144); Nov 22-26. Palace, Manchester (061-242 2503); Nov 29-Dec 3.*

OPERA NORTH

The Reluctant King. Chabrier's comedy, staged by Jeremy Sams.

Il trovatore. Finely sung, musically thrilling production, by Inga Levant, which sets the action in some indeterminate place at an unspecified time. Edmund Barham is a powerful, impressive Manrico, Katerina Kudriavchenko a strong Leonora & Sally Burgess a moving Azucena.

The Magic Flute. Annabel Arden's production, with Linda Kitchen as Pamina, William Burden as Tamino, Karl Morgan Daymond, Papageno. *Palace, Manchester (061-242 2503); Nov 8-12.*

SCOTTISH OPERA

Fidelio. With Elizabeth Whitehouse. **Mary Stuart**. Yvonne Kenny & Penelope Walmsley-Clark share the lead, Michie Nakamaru is Elizabeth.

Madama Butterfly. Anne Williams-King & Seppo Ruohonen sing Butterfly & Pinkerton.

Tristan & Isolde. Jeffrey Lawton & Carol Yahr are the doomed lovers. *Theatre Royal, Newcastle (091-232 2061); Nov 15-26. Festival Theatre, Edinburgh (031-529 6000); Nov 29-Dec 10.*

WELSH NATIONAL OPERA

Beatrice & Benedict. Staged by Elijah Moshinsky, with Sara Fulgoni & Donald Kaasch/Paul Nilon.

Turandot. Janice Cairns & Mary Lloyd-Davies share the title role, with Frederic Kalt as Calaf.

The Makropoulos Case. Josephine Barstow memorably portrays the 339-year old Emilia Marty. *Empire, Liverpool (051-709 1555); Nov 1-5. Hippodrome, Birmingham (021-622 7486); Nov 15-19. Hippodrome, Bristol (0272 299444); Nov 22-26.*



The Royal Ballet in *The Sleeping Beauty*. Richard Alston's new company in *Lachrymae*. Seiji Ozawa conducts the London Symphony Orchestra at the Barbican.

DANCE

Ballet-goers have a chance to compare three different versions of Tchaikovsky's *The Nutcracker*. The Royal Ballet presents a new production of another Tchaikovsky favourite, *The Sleeping Beauty*, & pays tribute to its founder, Frederick Ashton, who would have been 90 this year. Choreographer Richard Alston introduces his new company with a multiple bill of his work.

Adventures in Motion Pictures. Matthew Bourne's innovative version of *The Nutcracker*. Nov 30-Dec 10. Sadler's Wells, Rosebery Ave, EC1 (071-278 8916).

Les Ballets Jazz de Montreal. Two programmes of short ballets, including *Lovers*, choreographed by artistic director Jennifer Muller. Nov 21-27. Sadler's Wells.

Birmingham Royal Ballet. Peter Wright's production of *The Nutcracker*. Dec 22-Jan 7. London Coliseum, St Martin's Lane, WC2 (071-632 8300).

English National Ballet. Ben Stevenson's staging of *The Nutcracker*. Dec 21-Jan 14. Festival Hall, South Bank Centre, SE1 (071-928 8800).

Northern Ballet Theatre. Christopher Gable's version of *Cinderella*, danced to an original score by Philip Feeney. Nov 8-19. Sadler's Wells.

Richard Alston Dance Company. For its London debut the new company presents a mixed bill of his works. Nov 23-Dec 3. *The Place*, 17 Duke's Rd, WC1 (071-387 0031).

Royal Ballet. Anthony Dowell's new production of *The Sleeping Beauty*. Nov 18, 19, 23, 26 (m&e), Dec 3 (m&e), 12, 20 (m&e), 21, 22, 28 (m&e), Jan 4. An Ashton celebration, including a new production of *Daphnis & Chloe*. Nov 10, 11, 14, 16, 21, 28, 30. Triple bill: *Fearful Symmetries*, *Symphony in C*, new Michael Clark ballet. Dec 1, 6, 7, 10 (m&e), 14. Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, WC2 (071-304 4000).

MUSIC

Mstislav Rostropovich gives the world premières of two major works for cello with the London Symphony Orchestra. Lorin Maazel conducts at the Barbican & Carlo Maria Giulini at the Festival Hall. Christmas music can be enjoyed throughout December in London's concert halls, with opportunities for taking part in carol singing.

BARBICAN HALL
Silk St, EC2 (071-638 8891).

London Symphony Orchestra. Seiji Ozawa conducts Beethoven's Symphony No 6, & the world première of Shchedrin's Cello Concerto, with Mstislav Rostropovich. Nov 8, 9, 7.30pm.

London Sinfonietta. Markus Stenz conducts UK premières of works by Schnittke, Raskatov, Kancheli, Nov 11; Boulez, Xenakis, Kurtág, Ligeti, Dec 9; 7.30pm.

Schnittke 60th birthday celebration. The London Symphony Orchestra plays an all-Schnittke programme, including world première of his Concerto for violin, viola & cello, with Gidon Kremer, violin, Yuri Bashmet, viola, Mstislav Rostropovich, cello, & UK première of his Symphony No 6. Nov 13, 15, 7.30pm.

Bavarian Radio Symphony Orchestra. Lorin Maazel conducts Mahler's Symphony No 9, Nov 20; Bruckner's Symphony No 8, Nov 21; 8pm.

The Royal Concert. Simon Rattle conducts the Orchestra of the Age of Enlightenment & City of Birmingham Symphony Orchestra in Corelli, Mozart, Tippett, Sibelius. Nov 23, 7.30pm.

London Symphony Orchestra & Chorus. Colin Davis conducts concert performances of Mozart's *Idomeneo*, with Francisco Araiza singing the title role. Nov 25, 27, 7pm.

Kirov Opera. Valery Gergiev conducts the Russian company in the

UK première of Rimsky-Korsakov's opera *The Legend of the Invisible City of Kitezh*. Nov 28, 7pm.

London Sinfonietta. Markus Stenz conducts Henze's Requiem (in memoriam Michael Vyner). Nov 30, 7.30pm.

Melvyn Tan, fortepiano. Mendelssohn, Schumann, Schubert. Dec 4, 4pm.

FESTIVAL HALL
South Bank Centre, SE1 (071-928 8800).

Philharmonia Orchestra. Nikolaus Harnoncourt conducts Beethoven's Symphonies Nos 4 & 5, Nov 7; Nos 8 & 6 (Pastoral), Nov 10; No 9 (Choral) & Piano Concerto No 3, with Martha Argerich, Nov 13; 7.30pm.

Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. Yuri Temirkanov conducts Prokofiev's *The Love for Three Oranges* (Symphonic Suite), Schnittke's Concerto for Piano & Strings, with Dmitri Alexeev, Rachmaninov's Symphonic Dances; Nov 8; Berlioz's Overture *Le Corsair*, Rachmaninov's Piano Concerto No 3, with Nikolai Demidenko, Grieg's *Peer Gynt* (excerpts), Nov 11; 7.30pm.

Brno Philharmonic Orchestra. Leos Svarovsky conducts Smetana's Overture *The Bartered Bride*, Tchaikovsky's Violin Concerto, with Igor Oistrakh, Suk's Fantastic Scherzo, Janáček's Sinfonietta. Nov 15, 7.30pm.

London Philharmonic. Michael Stern conducts Strauss's *Till Eulenspiegel*, Tchaikovsky's Violin Concerto, with Boris Belkin, Rachmaninov's Symphonic Dances. Nov 18, 25, 7.30pm.

Shura Cherkassky, piano. Handel, Schumann, Bartók, Ligeti, Rubinstein, Liszt. Nov 20, 3.45pm.

Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. Sir Peter Maxwell Davies 60th birthday concert. The composer conducts his own *Caroline Mathilde*: Concert Suite from Act I of the ballet & the first London Performance of *A Spell for Green Corn: The MacDonald Dances*, also works by Vaughan Williams & Ireland. Nov 20, 7.30pm.

Bach Choir, Philharmonia Orchestra. David Willcocks conducts Gounod's Messe Solennelle de Sainte Cécile, Saint-Saëns's Cello Concerto No 1, with Julian Lloyd-Webber, Fauré's Requiem. Nov 22, 7.30pm.

Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra. Carlo Maria Giulini conducts Schubert's Symphony No 8 (Unfinished), Brahms's Symphony No 4. Nov 23, 7.30pm.

BBC Symphony Orchestra. Gunther Herbig conducts Stephen Chatman's *Crimson Dream*, Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto, with Uto Ughi, Beethoven's Symphony No 3 (Eroica). Nov 24, 7.30pm.

Philharmonia Orchestra & Chorus. James Levine conducts Beethoven's Piano Concerto No 5 (Emperor), with Yevgeny Kissin, Brahms's German Requiem. Nov 26, 7.30pm.

London Philharmonic & Choir. Franz Welser-Möst conducts Schmidt's Symphony No 4, Mozart's Requiem. Nov 27, 6pm.

Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, Brighton Festival Chorus, London Choral Society. Vladimir Askenazy conducts Schnittke's (*Kein Sommernachtstraum*), Prokofiev's Symphony No 7, Rachmaninov's *The Bells*, Dec 5; Rubinstein's Piano Concerto No 4, with Shura Cherkassky, Tchaikovsky's Manfred Symphony, Dec 7; 7.30pm.

Philharmonia Orchestra. Charles Dutoit conducts Tchaikovsky's Piano Concerto No 2, with Peter Jablonski, Shostakovich's Symphony No 5, Dec 6; Bizet's *L'Arlesienne*, Suite No 2, Goldschmidt's Violin Concerto, with Chantal Juillet, Prokofiev's Symphony No 5, Dec 8; 7.30pm.

QUEEN ELIZABETH HALL
South Bank Centre, SE1 (071-928 8800).
Birmingham Contemporary Music Group, Choirs from Birmingham University & Conservatoire. Jonty Harrison conducts Stockhausen's *Momenta*. Nov 11, 7.45pm.
Alban Berg Quartet. Haydn,



Peter Maxwell Davies celebrates his 60th birthday. The Sixteen perform at St John's Smith Square. The Cleveland Quartet make their farewell to London.

Schoenberg, Beethoven. Nov 12, 7.45pm.

Chelsea Opera Group Orchestra & Chorus. Villem Tausky conducts a concert performance in English of Smetana's *The Brandenburgers in Bohemia*. Nov 13, 7.15pm.

Academy of St Martin in the Fields. Kenneth Sillito directs Handel, Albinoni, Vivaldi, Boyce, Hasse, Bach. Nov 15, 7.45pm.

Richard Goode, piano. Beethoven's Sonatas Op 49 No 1, Op 10, No 3, Op 31 No 3, Op 79, Op 109, Nov 17, 7.45pm; Op 14 No 2, Op 26, Op 57 (Appassionata), Op 10 No 2, Op 2 No 3, Nov 27, 3pm.

English Baroque Soloists, Monteverdi Choir. John Eliot Gardiner conducts Purcell's *King Arthur*, Nov 19, 20; he also conducts an all-Purcell programme to celebrate St Cecilia's Day Nov 22; 7.45pm.

Cleveland Quartet. For its final London performance plays Mozart, Mendelssohn, Dvorak. Nov 27, 7.45pm.

Ali Akbar Khan, sarod, **Swapan Chaudhuri,** tabla. The sarod maestro gives a recital of ragas & talas. Nov 29, 7.45pm.

London Mozart Players. Matthias Bamert conducts Michael Haydn, Mozart, Haydn. Nov 30, 7.45pm.

ST JOHN'S SMITH SQUARE
SW1 (071-222 1061).

BBC Lunchtime Concerts. Takacs Quartet, Nov 7; Jean-Yves Thibaudet, piano. Nov 14; Dong-Suk Kang, violin, Pascal Devoyen, piano, Nov 21; Cleveland Quartet, Nov 28; Endellion Quartet, Dec 5; 1pm.

Katharina Wolpe, piano. Beethoven, Schubert, Debussy. Nov 16, 7.30pm.

Ondine Ensemble. Handel, Mozart, Françaix, Koechlin, Ravel. Nov 17, 7.30pm.

Goldberg Ensemble. Malcolm Layfield conducts Rossini, Britten, Tchaikovsky. Nov 30, 7pm.

WIGMORE HALL

36 Wigmore St, W1 (071-935 2141).

Takacs Quartet. Haydn, Bartók,

Smetana, Nov 10; Haydn, Bartók, Beethoven, Nov 12, 7.30pm.

Valentina Sedipova, soprano, **Larissa Gergieva,** piano. Songs by Tchaikovsky, Rachmaninov, Glinka, Rimsky-Korsakov; arias by Verdi, Puccini. Nov 16, 7.30pm.

Peter Katin, piano. Schubert, Chopin, Debussy, Rachmaninov. Nov 20, 4pm.

Hanover Band. Nicholas McGegan directs Boyce, Handel, Vivaldi, Telemann, Bach. Nov 22, 8pm.

Jean-Yves Thibaudet, piano. Ravel, Debussy, Liszt. Nov 23, 7.30pm.

Nikolai Demidenko, piano. Clementi, Haydn, Schubert. Nov 27, 11.30am.

Haydn Trio of Vienna. Beethoven, Leitner, Dvorak. Nov 29, 7.30pm.

English Concert, Nancy Argenta, soprano. Trevor Pinnock directs Purcell. Nov 30, 7.30pm.

CHRISTMAS MUSIC

Hospitals Christmas Carol Concerts. Massed choirs of London hospitals & fanfare trumpeters of the Royal Corps of Signals. Dec 3, 3pm & 7.30pm. *Festival Hall*.

New London Collegium & Orchestra. Torelli, Finzi, Britten, Bush, Manfredini. Dec 3, 7.30pm. *St John's*.

Handel's Messiah. David Cherniak conducts Apollo Chamber Choir & Orchestra. Dec 6, 7.30pm. *St John's*.

Clare College Choir. Britten's Christ's Nativity & other works. Dec 7, 7.30pm. *St John's*.

New London Orchestra & Children's Choir. Britten's Ceremony of Carols, Prokofiev's *Winter Bonfire* & other works. Dec 8, 7.30pm. *St John's*.

Handel's Messiah. Jane Glover conducts the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra in Mozart's version. Dec 9, 7.30pm. *Festival Hall*.

Cardinal Vaughan Memorial School, Vivaldi Concertante. Vivaldi, Mozart, Handel, Carols for audience participation. Dec 10, 7.30pm. *St John's*.

London Concert Orchestra. Popular classics & carols for all. Dec 10, 8pm. *Barbican Hall*.

London Concert Orchestra, Thomas Tallis Choir, Southend Boys' Choir. Handel, Basch, Adam, Franck, Gounod, Clarke, Berlioz, carols for choir & audience. Dec 11, 3.15pm. *Festival Hall*.

Family Carol Concert by Candlelight. Choir & Orchestra of St John's Smith Square. Dec 11, 7.30pm. *St John's*.

Handel's Messiah. Richard Hickox conducts the City of London Sinfonia. Dec 13, 7.30pm. *Barbican Hall*.

Christmas Concerts by Candlelight. Orchestra of St John's Smith Square. Bach, Pachelbel, Corelli, Vivaldi, Dec 12; Viennese evening, Dec 13; Carols for all, Dec 14; 7.30pm. *St John's*.

Choir of King's College, Cambridge, English Chamber Orchestra. Stephen Cleobury conducts Haydn, Vivaldi, Handel & carols for choir & orchestra. Dec 14, 7.30pm. *Barbican Hall*.

Handel's Messiah by candlelight. John Lubbock conducts the Choir & Orchestra of St John's Smith Square. Dec 15, 16, 7.30pm. *St John's*.

London Concert Orchestra. Popular & classical favourites & carols for all. Dec 16, 7.30pm. *Festival Hall*.

Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. Popular classics & carols for all. Dec 16, 20, 7.30pm. *Barbican Hall*.

London Concert Orchestra, Thomas Tallis Choir. Popular classics & carols for all. Dec 17, 3pm, Dec 23, 7.30pm. *Barbican Hall*.

The Wigmore Christmas Cracker. Thomas Allen, baritone, & other soloists in music by Schubert, Adam, Poulenc, Milhaud, & other items. Dec 17, 7.30pm. *Wigmore Hall*.

London Symphony Orchestra & Chorus Christmas Festival. Musical fun for all the family with popular classics & carols for all. Dec 17, 18, 19, 7.30pm. *Barbican Hall*.

Austrian Christmas Music. Lehar Schrammel Ensemble. Dec

18, 7.30pm. *Purcell Room*.

Choir of Wells Cathedral, City of London Sinfonia. Handel, Vaughan Williams, Finzi, carols from England & Brazil. Dec 18, 7.30pm. *St John's*.

The Sixteen. Harry Christophers conducts English renaissance works & modern carols. Dec 19, 7.30pm. *St John's*.

Choir of Christ Church Cathedral, Oxford. Stephen Darlington conducts Palestrina, Britten, Warlock. Dec 20, 7.30pm. *St John's*.

Grand Edwardian Christmas Soirée. Parlour Quartet presents seasonal Edwardian songs & ballads performed in costumes of the period. Dec 20, 7.30pm. *Purcell Room*.

Carols for Choir & Audience. City of London Choir. Dec 20, 7.45pm. *Elizabeth Hall*.

The Snow Queen. Christmas Music Theatre with Jane's Minstrels. Dec 21, 7pm. *Elizabeth Hall*.

Christmas Carol Singalong. Join in singing all your favourites with the London Concert Orchestra & Thomas Tallis Choir. Dec 21, 7.30pm. *Barbican Hall*.

Handel's Messiah. Polyphony & Orchestra of Polyphony, conducted by Stephen Layton. Dec 21, 7.30pm. *St John's*.

Guildhall String Ensemble. Christmas classics by Corelli, Handel, Strauss, Marais, Mozart, Boccherini, Vivaldi. Dec 21, 7.30pm. *Wigmore Hall*.

King's Consort, Choir of New College, Oxford. Traditional Christmas music & carols from the Renaissance to the Age of Enlightenment. Dec 22, 7.30pm. *Barbican Hall*.

Danish National Radio Choir in Christmas music, songs & hymns from Denmark. Dec 22, 7.30pm. *St John's*.

Handel's Messiah. Harry Christophers conducts the Sixteen Choir & Orchestra. Dec 23, 7.30pm. *St John's*.

Carols for Choir & Audience. City of London Choir. Dec 23, 7.45pm. *Elizabeth Hall*.



The Sitwells are remembered at the National Portrait Gallery. Bronzes by Elisabeth Frink at Lumley Cazalet. Work by Garry Shead at Dover Street Gallery.

EXHIBITIONS

An exhibition on the life of the Victorian poet Christina Rossetti opens at the National Portrait Gallery. The Geffrye Museum decorates its period room-settings in Christmas style & the Victoria & Albert Museum takes a look at 50 years of fashion on the streets. There is a last chance to admire the Glory of Venice at the Royal Academy.

BARBICAN ART GALLERY
Barbican Centre, Silk St, EC2 (071-638 4141).

A Bitter Truth: Avant-Garde Art & the Great War. Pictures from Berlin, Russia, the US, Canada, France & Britain show how artists responded to the horrors of the First World War. Until Dec 11. Mon-Sat 10am-6.45pm, Tues until 5.45pm, Sun noon-6.45pm. £4.50, concessions, & everybody Mon-Fri after 5pm, £2.50.

Craft space, ground floor:

Unconsidered Trifles. Craft show in the context of the Everybody's Shakespeare festival. Until Nov 27. Mon-Sat 9am-11pm, Sun noon-11pm.

WILLIAM BEADLESTON
13 Mason's Yard, SW1 (071-321 0495).

East/West: Silent Migrations. Landscapes & art in boxes by American artist Carol Anthony. Nov 16-Dec 16. Mon-Fri 10am-5pm.

BRITISH LIBRARY
British Museum, Great Russell St, WC1 (071-323 7222).

Let There be Light: William Tyndale & the making of the English Bible. The only known copy of the first published edition of Tyndale's translation of the New Testament was acquired by the British Library in 1994, the 500th anniversary of Tyndale's birth. Until Feb 19. Mon-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2.30-6pm.

BRITISH MUSEUM
Great Russell St, WC1 (071-636 1555).

Pre-Raphaelite Drawings in the

British Museum. Highlights include Dante Gabriel Rossetti's three works *Arthur's Tomb*, *Found & Writing on the Sand*. Until Jan 8.

Japanese Imperial Craftsmen. Art of the Meiji period (1868-1912) from the Nasser D. Khalili Collection. Until Jan 15.

Byzantium: Byzantine treasures from British collections. Icons, textiles, mosaics & illuminated manuscripts, plus glass, gold, silver & ivory. Dec 9-Apr 23. £3.50, concessions £2.

Mexican Gallery. New permanent gallery for the museum's collection of pre-Hispanic art from Mexico. Mon-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2.30-6pm.

BRUTON STREET GALLERY
28 Bruton St, W1 (071-499 9747).

Art for Christmas. A variety of paintings at prices up to £1,000. Nov 17-Dec 23. Mon-Fri 10am-6pm, Sat noon-4pm.

COMMONWEALTH INSTITUTE
Kensington High St, W8 (071-603 4535).

A Princely Gift: the Dara Shikoh album of contemporary Indian miniatures. Intricately detailed work by two Indian artists. Nov 18-Mar 5. Mon-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2-5pm. £1, concessions 50p.

CONTEMPORARY APPLIED ARTS
43 Earham St, WC2 (071-836 6993).

Christmas 1994. New work by members includes clocks, jewellery, hats & other crafts. Nov 11-Dec 24. Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Thurs until 7pm.

CRAFTS COUNCIL GALLERY
44a Pentonville Rd, N1 (071-278 7700).

What is Jewellery? Old & new pieces include Grace Jones's bodice, a Papal ring, badges, a glass eye & erotic jewellery. Nov 24-Jan 22. Tues-Sat 11am-6pm, Sun 2-6pm.

SANDRA CRONAN
18 Burlington Arcade, W1 (071-491 4851).

Faux Gems & Jewels. Paste jewellery from brooches & bracelets to necklaces & haircombs. Nov 29-Dec 24. Mon-Fri 10am-5pm, Sat 10.30am-4pm.

DESIGN MUSEUM
Butlers Wharf, Shad Thames, SE1 (071-407 6261).

It's Plastic! Large show examining

the use of this material in medicine, communications, bakelite, baths, fibre-optics & fashion. Until Apr 2. Mon-Fri 10.30am-5.30pm; Sat, Sun 10.30am-6.30pm. £4.50, concessions £3.50.

DOVER STREET GALLERY
13 Dover St, W1 (071-409 1540).

Kangaroo: the D. H. Lawrence series. Paintings & etchings by Australian artist Garry Shead inspired by Lawrence's novel. Until Nov 30. Mon-Fri 10am-1pm & 2-6pm.

DULWICH PICTURE GALLERY
College Rd, SE21 (081-693 5254).

Edward Alleyn: Elizabethan actor, Jacobean gentleman. Portraits, documents, posters & paintings celebrate the 375th anniversary of the foundation of Dulwich College by Edward Alleyn. Nov 23-Jan 29. Tues-Fri 10am-5pm; Sat 11am-5pm; Sun 2-5pm. £2, OAPs £1, children, & everybody all day Fri, free.

EBURY GALLERIES
200 Ebury St, SW1 (071-730 8999).

Jose Escofet. Oil paintings of fruit & flowers. Nov 1-30. Mon-Fri 10am-6pm, Sat 10am-4pm.

FAGGIONATO FINE ART
180 New Bond St, W1 (071-409 7979).

Surrealist Sculptures. Works by Max Ernst, Henry Moore, Salvador Dali, Man Ray & others. Until Dec 16. Mon-Fri 9.30am-5.30pm, Sat 10.30am-1.30pm.

FESTIVAL HALL FOYERS
South Bank Centre, SE1 (071-921 0843).

Spotlight on Kathy Prendergast. A tent-like sculpture, incorporating drawings, evokes Ireland. Until Dec 4.

Leaves Among Thorns. A theatrical installation based on *Grims' Fairy Tales*, where children can listen to stories & woodland sounds. Nov 22-Jan 3. Daily 10am-10pm.

FROST & REED
16 Old Bond St, W1 (071-629 2457).

Heather Sinclair Davis. More than 20 new paintings of racehorses. Nov 16-Dec 9. Mon-Fri 9am-5.30pm.

THE GALLERY
74 South Audley St, W1 (071-409 3164).

Caroline Leeds. Landscapes & buildings in oil, watercolour & pastel.

Nov 21-26. Mon-Fri 10am-6pm, Sat 10am-5.30pm.

Group of Seven. Embroidery, metalwork, glass, jewellery & paintings by seven artists & craftsmen. Nov 28-Dec 3. Mon-Fri 11am-6pm, Sat 11am-2pm.

GEFFRYE MUSEUM
Kingsland Rd, E2 (071-739 9893).

Christmas Past. The museum's period room-settings, ranging from 1600 to 1950, are decorated in appropriate style. Nov 29-Jan 6. Tues-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2-5pm.

HAYWARD GALLERY
South Bank Centre, SE1 (071-928 8800).

The Romantic Spirit in German Art 1790-1990. Beuys, Baselitz & Richter figure among artists illustrating the influence of Romanticism on the development of German art & its relationship with Modernism. Until Jan 8. Daily 10am-6pm, Tues, Wed until 8pm. £6, concessions £4.

LIBERTY
Regent St, W1 (071-734 1234).

Gothic Revival. Selling exhibition of furniture & accessories created between 1840 & 1860. Nov 17-Dec 10. Mon-Sat 9.30am-6pm, Thurs until 7.30pm; from Nov 27, Sun noon-5pm.

LONDON TRANSPORT MUSEUM
39 Wellington St, WC2 (071-379 6344).

Lumb on Wheels. Watercolours & oil paintings by the late Edna Lumb on the theme of transport. Until Nov 23. Daily 10am-6pm. £3.95, concessions £2.50.

LUMLEY CAZALET
24 Davies St, W1 (071-491 4767).

Elisabeth Frink 1930-93. Retrospective, including 25 bronzes, several drawings & a selection of prints. Nov 25-Dec 23. Mon-Fri 10am-6pm.

MALLETT
141 New Bond St, W1 (071-499 7411).

Jessica Tcherepnine. Botanical watercolours. Dec 5-23. Mon-Fri 9.30am-5.30pm, Sat 11am-4pm.

MARLBOROUGH GRAPHICS
6 Albemarle St, W1 (071-629 5161).

Paula Rego—Dog Woman 1994. Large-scale pastels portraying women as dogs. Nov 16-Dec 30. Mon-Fri 10am-5.30pm, Sat 10am-12.30pm.



An icon among the Byzantine treasures at the British Museum. International Netball. Unrecorded painting by Georges de la Tour on show at Sotheby's.

MUSEUM OF LONDON

London Wall, EC2 (071-600 0807).

The Portuguese in London.

Photographs of three generations of immigrants to Britain. Until Nov 19. Tues-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun noon-6pm. £3, concessions £1.50.

MUSEUM OF THE MOVING IMAGE

South Bank Centre, SE1 (071-928 3535).

Judy Garland—a celebration. Costumes, memorabilia & film extracts evoke the legendary star of stage & screen. Dec 5-Mar 31. Daily 10am-6pm. £5.50, students £4.70, children £4.

NATIONAL GALLERY

Trafalgar Sq, WC2 (071-839 3321).

Theme & Variations: Ideas Personified. Some 30 allegorical paintings depict abstract concepts in human form. Until Dec 4.

Sainsbury Wing:

Making & Meaning: The Young Michelangelo. The artist's early development, the relationship of his paintings to his sculpture, & a detailed examination of two surviving panel paintings, *The Manchester Madonna* & *The Entombment*. Until Jan 15.

Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2-6pm.

NATIONAL MARITIME MUSEUM

Greenwich, SE10 (081-858 4422).

The Wreck of the Titanic. Artifacts recovered from around the great liner, wrecked in 1912 with the loss of 1,503 lives. Until Apr. Mon-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun noon-5pm. £4.95, concessions £3.95 (admits also to museum, Queen's House & Old Royal Observatory).

NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY

St Martin's Pl, WC2 (071-306 0055).

The Sitwells & the Arts of the 1920s & 30s. A visual celebration of the three remarkable siblings: Edith, Osbert & Sacheverell. Until Jan 22. £3, concessions £2.

Christina Rossetti. The life & work of the Victorian poet on the centenary of her death, accompanied by portraits of her by her brother Dante Gabriel Rossetti. Nov 18-Feb 12.

Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun noon-6pm.

MICHAEL PARKIN GALLERY

11 Motcomb St, SW1 (071-235 8144).

Walter Taylor 1860-1943. Oils &

watercolours by an artist who was a friend & pupil of Sickert. Nov 16-Dec 9. Mon-Fri 9.30am-6pm, Sat 10am-1pm.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS

Piccadilly, W1 (071-439 7438).

The Glory of Venice 1700-1800. Painting, drawing, printmaking & sculpture by Tiepolo, Piazzetta, Carlevaris, Bellotto, Canaletto, Guardi, Canova, Piranesi & others. Until Dec 14. Daily 10am-6pm. £6.50, OAPs £4.50, children £2.50.

SERPENTINE GALLERY

Kensington Gardens, W2 (071-402 6075).

Rebecca Horn. Major retrospective, held here & at the Tate Gallery, for a German artist who creates films, installations & kinetic sculptures. Until Jan 8. Daily 10am-6pm.

SPINK

5-7 King St, SW1 (071-930 7888).

The Kitchen Garden. Studies of fruit & vegetables by Susannah Blaxill. Dec 1-23. Mon-Fri 9am-5.30pm, Tues until 7.30pm

TATE GALLERY

Millbank, SW1 (071-887 8008).

James McNeill Whistler. Design & decoration, pastels, nocturnes & full-length portraits, plus the 19th-century artist's celebrated portrait of his mother. Until Jan 8. £5, concessions £3. See feature p7.

Rebecca Horn. Retrospective (see Serpentine Gallery). Until Jan 8. Mon-Sat 10am-5.50pm, Sun 2-5.50pm.

VICTORIA & ALBERT MUSEUM

Cromwell Rd, SW7 (071-938 8349).

Streetstyle: from sidewalk to catwalk. Popular fashion from the 1940s to the present. Nov 16-Feb 19.

Kalighat: Indian popular painting 1800-1930. Pictures of snakes, courtesans & goddesses. Until Jan 15.

Mon noon-5.50pm, Tues-Sun 10am-5.50pm. Voluntary donation, suggested £3.50, concessions £1.

WHITECHAPEL ART GALLERY

Whitechapel High St, E1 (071-377 0107).

Miquel Barceló. Teeming cauldrons, ancient myths & whirlpools characterise the work of this Spanish artist. Until Nov 20. Tues-Sun 11am-5pm, Wed until 8pm.

SPORT

Around 180 fearless drivers tear through some of the wilder areas of Britain in the RAC Rally in an attempt to wrest the crown from Juha Kankkunen of Finland. South Africa's netball team visits Britain for the first time since 1973, for a five-part Test series. Cricket enthusiasts can settle down to enjoy the Test series from Australia on Sky Television.

ATHLETICS

AAA Men's 10km Championships. Nov 20. Brighton, W Sussex.

European Cross-Country Championships. Dec 10. Alnwick, Northumberland.

CRICKET

Australia v England: First Benson & Hedges Test. Nov 25-29. Brisbane.

EQUESTRIANISM

Olympia International Show-jumping Championships. Dec 15-19. Olympia, W14.

HORSE RACING

Mackeson Gold Cup. Nov 12. Cheltenham, Glos.

Hennessy Cognac Gold Cup. Nov 26. Newbury, Berks.

Triple Print Gold Cup. Dec 10. Cheltenham.

MOTOR SPORT

Network Q RAC Rally. Nov 20-23. Starts & finishes Chester, Cheshire.

NETBALL

England v South Africa: First Test, Nov 2, Manchester; Second Test, Nov 5, Wembley, Middx; Third Test, Nov 9, Gateshead, Tyne-&Wear; Fourth Test, Nov 12, Sheffield, S Yorks; Fifth Test, Nov 16, Birmingham.

RUGBY UNION

England v Romania. Nov 12. Twickenham, Middx.

Bowring Bowl: Oxford v Cambridge. Dec 6. Twickenham.

Save & Prosper International: England v Canada. Dec 10. Twickenham.

OTHER EVENTS

The Christmas Craft Fair & the Fine Arts & Antiques Fair provide plenty of opportunities for Christmas shopping. A cheerful street procession welcomes the City's 667th Lord Mayor. Sotheby's gives Londoners a brief glimpse of a Georges de La Tour work due to go on sale in Monaco.

Christmas Craft Fair. Gifts ranging from chocolates to jewellery, puppets to hand-blown glass. Dec 3, 4. Sat 10.30am-5.30pm, Sun 10am-5.30pm. Alexandra Palace, Muswell Hill, N22.

Critics on Recent Art. Three experts speak about living artists whose work they value. Nov 10, Giles Auty; Nov 17, Richard Cork; Nov 24, Sarah Kent. Thurs 6.30-8.30pm. Tate Gallery, Millbank, SW1 (tickets 071-887 8743).

Fine Art & Antiques Fair. More than 200 exhibitors, plus a loan display from the Holburne Museum in Bath. Nov 16-22. Wed 5-10pm, Thurs 11am-9pm, Fri 11am-8pm, Sat, Sun 11am-6pm. Mon 11am-8pm, Tues 11am-5pm. Olympia, W14.

Great Christmas Pudding Race. Celebrities join colourfully-dressed, teams in the Piazza for a festive obstacle race in aid of cancer research. Dec 8, 10.30am. Covent Garden, WC2.

Lord Mayor's Show. Colourful annual procession through the City's streets. Nov 12. Leaves Guildhall, EC2 11am, arrives Law Courts, EC4, 12.30pm; leaves Law Courts 1.30pm for Mansion House via Victoria Embankment.

National Cat Club Show. More than 1,000 of the country's most desirable pedigree felines. Dec 10, 10am-5.30pm. Olympia, W14.

Old Master & 19th-century Paintings. A previously unrecorded work by Georges de La Tour, *John the Baptist in the Desert*, goes on show in London before being auctioned in Monaco on Dec 2. Nov 17, 18, 9am-4.30pm. Sotheby's, 34/35 New Bond St, W1 (071-493 8080).



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